CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES

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Rose hung down her Head paused a Moment and then enquired of her Aunt, if the black Book was to be read aloud, as well as the red one?

THE

RED BOOK,

AND

THE BLACK ONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

SUMMER RAMBLES.

VOL. I.

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THE

RED BOOK

AND

THE BLACK ONE.

SUSAN ARNOLD was only twelve years of age, when she accompanied her mother to a small neat house in Devonshire, which, with a few acres of land, and two gardens, plentifully stocked with vegetables, fruit, and flowers, Mrs. Arnold inherited from her father; it was beautifully situated,

surrounded with pleasant walks, and was one of the most healthy spots in England. Particular circumstances obliged her mother to observe the strictest economy in her household expences, and she was not sorry that she had no very fine neighbours, though she rejoiced to find two or three agreeable families at a small distance from her abode, who had too much good sense to despise her, because she had neither laced footmen, or a brilliant equipage.

Mr. Arnold had met with some very unexpected and severe losses, which obliged him to undertake a voyage to Barbadoes, at the moment in which he was forming projects of happiness and

and comfort, by retiring from all commercial concerns, and giving up his whole time to his wife and daughter; and, on the same day on which he sat off for Bristol to embark, Mrs. Arnold, with Susan, and two maid-servants (both extremely attached to their mistress), also left town, determined to pass the time of her husband's absence, at the cottage, and there endeavour to support with cheerfulness and resignation, (instead of repining at what could not possibly be avoided) the unexpected change in her circumstances, and her separation from the only person whose society could have made her entirely

forget it. Attention to the morals and education of her Child, was Mrs. Arnold's chief and dearest employment, and books, music, and a few rural amusements, of which she was extremely fond, filled up her time very agreeably.

She had been but one year in this delightful retirement, when she received the melancholy intelligence of her sister's health, being in so bad a state, as to make her immediate departure for Lisbon absolutely necessary, and it was accompanied with a request, that she would take charge, for a few months, of her youngest daughter, whose going with her would be extremely inconvenient. Mrs. Arnold,

as

as it may be supposed, readily consented to receive her neice, and Susan (who was particularly attached to her cousin), from the moment she heard that the day of her arrival was fixed for the third in the following week, could neither eat, drink, or sleep in peace; her lessons were hurried over in a most careless manner, her garden neglected, and her poultry quite forgotten; so, that if the favourite top-knot hen, with her little brood, had not had somebody more attentive to their wants than their young Mistress was, they would probably have suffered severely by her neglect. The truth is, that Susan Arnold, the most humane and charitable, as well as the sweetest

tempered girl in the world, who never consulted her own convenience, when she had it in her power, by any possible means to oblige another, and thought any trouble she had taken to do so, amply repaid by the satisfaction she felt arising from it, within her own breast, yet Susan Arnold, this favourite of mine, and of all who knew her as intimately as I did, was not faultless. I must however, in this place, intreat my young readers not to be too hasty in passing judgment on my little friend; she had, as I have premised, a great many good and amiable qualities, and though they were sometimes shaded and obscured by the fault I have hinted at, and which truth will oblige me fairly to expose

expose, the readiness she always shewed to confess her errors, instead of seeking, by frivolous and childish excuses, either to avoid blame, or to fix it on another; the candour with which she acknowledged herself in the wrong, and the regret and sorrow she appeared to feel on occasion, generally excited more pity than anger, even in those who felt most the consequence of her fault. The case was, that Susan could go through her every day employments with the utmost attention and exactitude, but whenever novelty came in the way it never interested her moderately, but occupied her mind entirely, and while it lasted, every other thing was forgotten; she could not accustom herself, unless when she had

had not any thing new to employ her thoughts on, to divide her time properly, and allot a just portion of it to her different occupations; she wished to do so, but the instant any novelty came in her way, every other thing gave place, and all determinations of amendment were laid aside. When her little white hen's chickens were hatching, it was impossible to tear her from the spot; she could scarcely allow herself time to dine, but sat the whole day on a block of wood, watching the "little darlings," (as she called them) as they peeped out from under their mother's wing; but in the mean time poor Susan never recollected that old Rachel was waiting for her at the corner of the barn, to whom she

she had promised to go and ask her Mamma for a little wine for her sick husband; nor did she, when some time after, she had a box of colours given her, and that she spent almost three whole days in the summer-house, drawing flowers, and endeavouring to colour them, like those which were growing before her—ever once reflect, that she was neglecting her reading, writing, and music; that her Mamma, who was never happy out of her company, was left quite alone; and moreover, that she had undertaken, in that time, to finish some baby-linen which she had begun for a poor woman in the village, who depended entirely upon her promise, the moment however that Mrs. Arnold pointed

out

out to her the fault she had committed, her sorrow and regret are not to be described; and she would ask forgiveness of the meanest person in the neighbourhood, when she believed they had been put to the slightest inconvenience by her neglect, and thought she never could do enough to make them amends for it. Susan had been many weeks exceedingly attentive to all her Mamma's wishes, when the letter came which fixed the day for her cousin's arrival at the cottage, and produced a total change in her conduct, for she could attend to nothing else. In the midst of reading, she would lay down her book to ask what bed Rose was to sleep in? where her clothes were to be kept, and whether

Mrs.

Mrs. Arnold thought she had had her hair cropped since they left London? said she was sure she would be vexed if they had cut off her fine long hair; and then, after reading a minute or two longer, would stop to inquire, whether it would be possible for her to arrive on Wednesday at one or two o'clock, instead of six or seven, as was mentioned in the letter. Her work succeeded no better, she could not sit still a moment, and when the happy day came which was to bring Miss Rose Wilmot (though she knew it was impossible she should arrive till the afternoon), Susan could not sleep till her usual hour of rising, but was up with the lark, and had been sometime at the gate before Mrs. Arnold came down to breakfast.

It

It was in vain to endeavour to persuade her, that her impatience only made the time appear longer, and that it would be much more prudent if she would set herself about her usual amusements, than to be continually running to look out at the gate, or to her Mamma, every five minutes, to know the hour; that her anxiety would not bring her cousin a minute the sooner, and that she only made herself uneasy, and teased every body about her; she said, she could not bear to leave the gate; Rose must arrive at length, and it would be *such* a pleasure, *such* a delight, to see the heads of the horses as they come round the old oak. The hours, however, passed away without

any

any appearance of Rose—night came on it grew very dark—Susan was unwilling to leave the gate, but she dared not remain any longer. I should be glad if I could pass over in silence this weakness in my little friend, but truth a second time obliged me to declare that Susan Arnold, at the age of thirteen, was so great a coward, that she dared not venture to go from one room to another in the dusk of the evening without a candle. What she was afraid of, I never could learn, because she did not know herself, and, open and candid as she was on all other occasions, there was something so childish in being afraid *because she could not see*, that she never liked to talk on the subject, but

was

was doing every thing in her power to get the better of a weakness of which she was really ashamed; and on this occasion she particularly desired to summon all her little stock of courage, rather than quit the gate, and she certainly staid there much later than she had ever ventured to do before; but the evening closed in, darker than usual, and the trees, she imagined, assumed different forms uncommonly frightful, which drove poor Susan from her post.

She found her Mamma at tea, and requested (after wondering twenty times what could possibly detain her cousin) that she might be allowed to set

set up till half past ten o'clock, in the hope of seeing her before she went to bed ; her request was granted, but she was disappointed in her expectation ; for when that hour came, it did not bring Rose ; and, though she was vexed at the thought of having to wait another day, and tired of watching and listening to no purpose, she retired to her room without murmuring, for she was sensible of her Mamma's indulgence, and would have thought it the highest ingratitude to have appeared discontented.

Mrs. Arnold was accustomed to read an hour, and sometimes much longer, before she went to bed, she therefore went up stairs with her daughter, leaving

ing the servants to sit up for Miss Wilmot, and they wished each other good-night at the door of Susan's room, which was close to that of her mothers; she was soon undressed, but had scarcely time to pop her head under the bed clothes, (as she usually did the moment Mary withdrew with the candle) before she recollected having neglected to hang up her little Canary bird out of the reach of Miss Tibby, the favourite cat, and as she had once or twice already neglected this necessary business, which she had particularly desired might be intrusted to her care, and as poor Cary had had several narrow escapes in consequence of her forgetfulness, by which she had incurred her Mamma's dis-

displeasure, she could not possibly compose herself to rest. How to go down stairs alone, and without light, she knew not; and she could neither call Mary, or ring her bell, for her Mamma would hear her, and naturally inquire what the matter was; she would not be guilty of a falsity for the whole world, and she should be obliged to confess her negligence and forgetfulness, as she had been repeatedly ordered, in the most possitive terms, never to go to bed without remembering her bird. The fear of making Mrs. Arnold angry, outweighed in Susan's mind every other consideration, and, coward as she was, she

would have ventured to go to any part of the house, and at any hour, rather than wilfully risk her displeasure.

Behold, then, my trembling little friend, with one petticoat on, and a loose night-gown, gently opening her chamber door, and stealing softly along the passage, whether she thought her grand-father's picture would step out of its frame, and come forward to lead her down stairs, or whether she expected, (which was equally probable) that she should see giants and fairies skipping about the hall, by the light of the moon, which was now up, and shone brightly in at the windows, I cannot ascertain, but true it is, she

was

was as much frightened as if she had been certain of it. I am, however, happy in being able to add, that, whatever her thoughts were, and however strong her fears might be, she would not allow them to get the better of her determination of not going to rest till she had obeyed her Mamma's commands, but went, what she called, boldly on, though she has since confessed to me that her heart beat, and her knees trembled prodigiously. She crossed the little hall, and went towards the parlour, but—how shall I relate the terror which siezed on her! when, by the light of the remaining fire, she beheld, sitting on the very chair on which she had sat

at supper, with her Mamma, a little strange figure with a long nose and fiery eyes, dressed in a black robe which trained on the ground, and who, by a low grumbling sound, appeared evidently displeased at her approach.

It is not to be imagined that she stood long, either to examine this hideous personage, or to listen to its muttering; she ran to the kitchen as fast as her trembling legs could carry her, but neither of the maids were there; poor Susan could scarcely stand, and knew not what to do or where to go; she fancied she heard the sound of Mary's voice, and was flying towards her, when she met the horrible long-

nosed

nosed figure creeping upon its hands and knees, its black robe training half a yard behind it, and coming directly towards her, she could now no longer command herself, but screamed so loud that she brought the whole family about her, Mrs. Arnold, Mary, Peggy, and, to her very great astonishment, Miss Rose Wilmot, who, after having tenderly embraced her aunt and cousin, caught the terrible little figure in her arms, and said, "Come, Miss Cora, let me pull off your cloak, if you please, that you may salute the ladies." It may easily be believed, that poor Susan looked extremely foolish, when she discovered that the object of such very dreadful alarm was no other than her cousin's

little

little dog, which she had muffled up in a cloak to keep it warm, because she fancied it was prodigiously delicate; and her first care, on entering her aunt's house, had been to place Miss Cora on a chair by the fire, while she went to look after her parcels, work-bags, and netting-box. The reason of her arriving so late was soon explained: the lady, who had undertaken to leave her at her aunt's, in her way to Exmouth, being in a very ill state of health, and not able to rise early, had occasioned their being rather late both the evenings they had been upon the road; and this (the last of their journey) they had been particularly so, having such an old crazy post-chaise,

chaise, that there was some part of it to be secured with a rope, or a linch-pin, to be examined at almost every mile stone, and Rose was glad the lady had but two miles farther to go to the place where she intended to sleep.

Our young traveller was very much fatigued, and, as she said, extremely sleepy; and, after a light refreshment, was glad to retire; and Susan was not a little pleased at having company (a small bed having been placed in her room for her cousin), and made no objection to allowing the formidable figure with the long nose to occupy a chair by her side. Her fright had considerably damped the pleasure she expected

pected to receive on her first meeting with Miss Wilmot; but, after some hours of sound sleep, and the day-light having, as it always did, made her laugh at her weakness, and wonder how she could possibly have been so much frightened; the certainty of having Rose so near her, gave her the utmost delight—that dear Rose, for whose company she had been so long anxious, and to whom she longed to communicate all her joys and all her sorrows. Of the former, she had much to recount, such as being whole and sole proprietor of a pretty little garden, well planted with fruit and flowers, and at least twenty pots of geraniums myrtles, &c. Add to this, a whole colony

colony of cocks and hens, chickens and pigeons; but her greatest joy and boast was, the privilege her Mamma had given her of distributing milk, vegetables, and some other things (of which she had the keys in her own keeping) among her poor neighbours, according to her own judgment.

Of her sorrows I have little to say: the only thing capable of disturbing her natural cheerfulness, and the sweetness of her disposition, was when she had, by suffering herself to be led away by any new object from her different occupations, and the duties she had undertaken to fulfil, incurred her Mamma's displeasure; or had, by her negligence,

occa-

occasioned any trouble or vexation to others; for when her happiness was interrupted by the untimely death of one of her little family, or that a north-east wind had nipped her apricot or her peach-trees, her chagrin never lasted long; Mrs. Arnold had taught her to expect disappointments, but to recollect how many comforts she still had left, and to be grateful for, and endeavour to render herself deserving, of a continuance of them.

She was very soon dressed, and at her cousin's bed-side; and, without any ceremony, awoke her out of a sound sleep to tell her how glad she was to see her there. Rose had quite forgot

forgot both her journey and her arrival, and stared about her, first at her cousin, and then round the room, but immediately recollected herself, and appeared equally delighted at their happy meeting; and her joy was beyond expression, when, on approaching the window, she beheld the extensive prospect; the woods, the fields, and gardens, the sheep upon the hill, and Mrs. Arnold's cows in the meadow near the house. All was novelty and delight to Rose, whose walks had hitherto been confined to the *tour* of Portman or Manchester Square; unless now and then in the summer, they were extended to Hyde Park, or once or twice in a year to Kensington Gardens.

Gardens. "Oh! my dear Susan, exclaimed Rose, "how beautiful this is! I hope, when my Mamma returns from Lisbon, she will come and live in this charming country, and that I shall never leave it again.—Do look at those sweet trees upon the side of the hill! Let us make haste, and run there before breakfast."—"You make me laugh, my dear cousin," said Susan, "the trees you see are at least two miles distant, and there is a river between that hill and our house, though you cannot see it; but I hope you will see it soon, for we will ask Mamma to walk with us after breakfast down to the ferry; you will be so pleased, Rose! It is the prettiest walk in the whole

whole world, I do really believe, and you will see old Thomas the ferryman, and Dame Margery. You cannot think what good people they are, and what a pretty little house and garden they have, so clean and nice, and their room hung round with pictures, and every thing so neat! I am sure you would like to spend a day there, you would never be tired of looking at the river, and old Thomas bringing the people over in his boat. All the market people are obliged to cross the ferry, and often travellers, and sometimes cows, and ladies, and sheep, and carriages, and horses; you never saw any thing so entertaining."

If Rose was already pleased, this account made her quite impatient to go down to breakfast, hoping her aunt would indulge them with a walk to the ferry. Mrs. Arnold readily consented to accompany them, for she was glad to oblige her neice, and particularly so, to pay a visit to Dame Margery, for whom, as well as for her good man, she entertained a very high regard, knowing them, though simple and plain in their manners and conversation, to be in possession of many good and amiable qualities, which would have done honour to their superiors.

The

The breakfast was soon over, and the young ladies were preparing for their walk, when, to their great disappointment, they perceived the weather growing cloudy, and very soon after, that some drops of rain had fallen on the laurestinus which grew outside the window. Mrs. Arnold said, she saw no appearance of being able to venture far from home, but assured them she would take the very first opportunity of fine weather to fulfil her promise of walking to the ferry with them, and advised Rose in the mean time, to go up stairs with Mary, unpack her clothes, place her books on a shelf, with those of her cousin, and her work, and all her little parcels and boxes, where she

she might be able to find them when she wanted them. Rose had many good qualities, but neither neatness nor order were to be found amongst the number; five minutes sufficed to pull her things out of her trunk upon the floor, and to fill every chair with books, work-bags, and boxes, of which she made but little use, and, leaving Mary to put them where she thought proper, returned to the parlour as fast as she could, she found Mrs. Arnold and Susan just where she had left them, and in deep conversation; Susan appeared extremely attentive to what her Mamma was saying, who was pointing towards a beautiful book which lay upon the table

table before her; it was bound in red leather, and the leaves were finely gilt. Rose said, it was the prettiest book she had ever seen in her life; but was surprised, on opening it, to find it contained nothing but blank leaves, and begged to know what it was designed for. "In that book," said Mrs. Arnold, "I propose to keep a journal of *the surprising adventures* of Mrs. and Miss Arnold; and, as it will no doubt be very interesting, and full of *remarkable events*, I mean to entertain my friend Mr. Morton every Monday with a full and true account of all we have done and seen (worthy a place in my journal) in the preceding week, and shall then put it by, to shew to your uncle, on

his return, that he may know how we have spent our time during his absence."—"Oh dear!" said Rose, "how charming that will be, and how I shall long for Monday, that I may hear it read, it will be so like a story; though I shall know it all before-hand, I wish you had another book to write my adventures in!—"There will be no occasion for another," replied Mrs. Arnold; "if you desire it, my dear, the *Adventures of Miss Rose Wilmot* shall be included, and I will be the faithful historian of all three; but it is necessary to premise, that there are certain conditions annexed to this entertaining project, which may not, perhaps, be quite so agreeable to you; Susan is acquainted

quainted with my intentions, and consents to the terms; but I am doubtful of obtaining *your* consent; for in *this* book (taking one covered with black from the table drawer) I shall record all your faults; and I promise you, that as I shall faithfully write in the red book all your good actions, and that I will not suffer any to escape my observation, but will give you praise even for a good intention, so I will, on the other hand, keep a strict account against you, and as faithfully record all your faults in the black one." Rose hung down her head, paused a moment, and then inquired of her aunt, if the black book was to be read aloud, as well as the red one? Mrs.

Arnold said, she hoped there would not always be something to read in the black one, but that whatever she wrote there, she certainly should read to Mr. Morton, and shew to her uncle.

Rose hesitated some time; she was sensible that (though she was not what might be termed an ill-disposed girl), she was very likely, in the course of a month, to fill many a page in the black book; and, as she perceived her aunt was not disposed to spare even her own child, she hardly dared to accept the terms, though she was delighted at the thought of having her good actions proclaimed. She asked Susan how

how she should like to have her faults made so public? "Not at all, my dear Rose," answered Susan; "very far from liking it, I feel so uncomfortable at the thought of having all my negligences and forgetfulness exposed to Mr. Morton, whose good opinion I am so anxious to obtain, and of letting my father see how little I have attended to his good advice, that I hope it will, in a short time, occasion such a change in my conduct, that Mamma will have nothing to write of me which I shall be ashamed to hear read." Rose said, she wished she could hope the same thing with regard to herself; that she was, however, determined

termined to try the remedy (though it might be a little bitter to swallow), if her aunt would take the trouble to observe her conduct, and would depend upon her generosity to make some allowance for her having been suffered to have her own way, for some time past, more than would have been the case if her Mamma's ill health had not prevented her watching over her actions, and directing her, as she wished to do.

All things being thus settled, Mrs. Arnold carried her two books into her closet, but soon returned to the young ladies, whom she seldom after

after quitted; but how they spent their time, the books must inform you, for my task is ended for the present.

THE RED BOOK.

JOURNAL FROM THE 3d TO THE 10th OF MAY, 1800.

THE day after Miss Wilmot's arrival at the cottage was showery, and I did not like to venture so far from home as the ferry; our walk, therefore, was postponed to a more favourable opportunity, and I desired Susan to amuse her cousin, by shewing her the house and gardens, with every other thing she thought worthy of her notice. They soon ran over the house,

house, for the apartments are small, and by no means numerous: they had no long galleries to traverse, no spacious antichambers or magnificent saloons; neatness and convenience were the only objects attended to when the cottage was put in order for my reception; and the little parlour, with the glass-folding door leading to the garden, was (Susan told me) the only thing which Rose stopped to admire; she had been accustomed to a *fine* house, but not to any thing which she thought half so agreeable as the shrubs and flowers render this charming apartment, where I usually breakfast in the summer.

All

All was new and delightful to the young Londoner; she examined every tree, begged to know their names, and said, she should never be happy without a garden; repeated her wish, that her Mamma might hire a house near mine; and said, she should not be sorry if she was never to see London again as long as she lived. I joined them in the garden, and pointed out to Rose a great many beauties among the plants and flowers which she had never noticed, for her knowledge of them had been confined to a few pots covered with dust and smoke in her Mamma's balcony. We visited the arbour, which I, jestingly, called Susan's study, because she likes to take her books with her,

her, and read there; and after that the poultry yard, and Rose was introduced to the top-knot hen, the bantams, and the Guinea fowls. The evening was spent in looking over books, drawings, and music, deciding on the merits and demerits of the first, agreeing that nothing could possibly be so tiresome as copying eyes and noses, and disputing, though very amicably, on the difficulties of Nicolai and Clementi.

The weather continued showery all the following day, but the young people were too happy, after a twelvemonths separation, to be very anxious about any other amusements, except that of chatting

ting together of their old play-fellows, and of different circumstances which had happened to them when we lived in town, and they saw each other almost every day. Susan had neither eyes or ears for any body or any thing but her cousin, and never quitted her for a moment; but Rose, though equally delighted by their meeting, and whose tongue had been just as much employed, had, in the course of the day, begun to read, to work and write, to play on the piano, to draw, to knot, knit, net, and cut paper landscapes; the first page she looked into (in an old magazine) was concerning spinning of cotton, and that made her think of shewing Susan her work, and of doing a little bit

bit of the overcast, and when I complimented her upon her improvement, she assured me, she had made a much greater progress in her writing, and she would write a page or two to convince me of it. Unfortunately, however, as she was copying something from the same book, though in a different place, the third line mentioned a new song, and she started up and flew to the piano-forte to play a real new song, and not such old stuff as that, and in this manner she ran from one thing to another, without being settled ten minutes to either. The sun rose with extraordinary lustre on the fourth morning after her arrival at the cottage, and as soon as we had breakfasted, we sat out for

the

the ferry to visit Dame Margery and old Thomas; the weather was so remarkably fine, that it promised us a much pleasanter walk than we could have hoped for after so much rain, and to Rose it was particularly delightful, who, from having been long pent up in a large town, had no idea of the freshness of country air, or the pleasures arising from such a ramble.

The ferryman's cottage was a new object of admiration to her, and well it might be so, for it is neatness itself; the little garden before it is kept in the nicest order, and already blooming with early flowers. Old Margery, in her brown stuff gown and striped cotton

cotton handkerchief, came out to meet us, and conducted us into her nice little room. Rose looked around her with wonder and delight, for she had never seen the house of a poor person so clean and comfortable; the grate was as bright as silver, and the tea cups and saucers were ranged on the chimney-piece, in the most exact order; the table is only oak, but so well rubbed, that it might almost serve as a looking-glass, and the pictures of the king and queen, prince of Wales, and the king of Prussia, with several other great personages, in flaming crimson, blue, and yellow, ornament the well white washed walls. In one corner hangs young Thomas's violin, (for Margery has a

son

son who is a very great musician, according to her idea of musick) and opposite to it is a cuckoo-clock, which is as true and exact, she says, as the fine clock up at the great house, which cost my Lord such a deal of money.

Margery's first question, after particularly inquiring into the state of mine and Susan's health, was concerning Rose, whom she had never seen before, said "she was a very pretty young lady, though she did not look quite so fresh-coloured as Miss Susan did, but it was no wonder, her great surprise was, how people could live in such a place, as she had heard London described to be,

and assured her, that by the time she has been a couple of months with her aunt, her cheeks will be as red as cherries, and that she will eat as heartily as a plough-boy."

She had a daughter, of whom she was extremely fond, married to a farmer, who lives about two miles up the river, and, as she had lately been brought to bed of a little boy, and I had promised the good people that I would be godmother to their grandson, we were settling the day on which the christening should take place, and in what manner we were to go to the farm, when the door was opened in a very

very sudden and unceremonious manner, by a fine lady, dressed in a silk coat, and a hat in the very extreme of fashion, who with a haughty and commanding air, asked Margery, where the ferryman was, why he was not in waiting! and whether they supposed her servants had nothing to do, but to seek after him?

"Madam," said Margery, "he will be here immediately, he is just now coming over from the other side with his boat, and your ladyship, Madam, will not have long to wait. Will you be pleased to sit down?"

"Sit down! good woman," said the lady, "why, I should be suffocated in five minutes in this miserable little hole."

"Well, sure!" muttered Margery, "it is'nt so small for that matter."

"Will your ladyship please to have a chair by the window, where Madam Arnold is sitting? There comes a fine pleasant air in at the window, and there is a sweet briar just on the outside, which smells charmingly."

The fine lady said, sweet-briar always made her head ache, and affected her

her nerves! that she preferred walking down to the river, and waiting for the boat, and that she really pitied her with all her heart, if she was obliged to spend the rest of her days in such a wretched hovel.

Poor Margery, who is the happiest and most contented of all human beings, could not help feeling a little indignant at being treated in this contemptuous manner, and was very much hurt at finding herself the object of any one's *pity*, when she thought herself rather the *envy* of her neighbours; old Thomas would have smiled, but have said nothing, Margery was not inclined

inclined to be so silent, but said in reply, " that if all great ladies and their lords were as happy in their grand houses as she and her old man were in their humble cottage, and if they were blessed with such good and dutiful children, as God had given to them, to be their comfort, they need not be desirous of more happiness, but that when that was not the case, they were much more to be pitied than she was."

The lady appeared to be piqued at Margery's observation, and flounced out of the room without speaking or taking the least notice of me or my children,

children, though we had risen on her entrance. She had not been gone two minutes, when one of her servants came into the room to ask for a bit of twine, to tie up a parcel which he held in his hand, and whilst Margery was looking for it in the drawer of her little oak table, perceiving I was at the window, and, as he imagined, not attending to him, he said, "Why, Dame, you set off my lady purely; I was waiting at the door, and heard what you said, and I thought to myself, thinks I, why, how true all that is! for you must know, my Lord don't care a pin's head for her, and he never sees her when he can keep out of her way;

way; when she goes to town, he comes into the country, and when she is here, he goes to town, so that is the way they live; and as to her children, they will never give comfort to their parents, nor to any body else; and my reason for thinking so is, that they are always laying their little heads together, contriving how to deceive their Papa and Mamma, or else they are fighting and quarreling amongst themselves like so many cats and dogs."

When the man was gone, I commended Margery for being contented with the situation in which Providence had placed her; and, on our way home, made

made many observations to my young people on the cruelty the lady had been guilty of, in endeavouring to render a person dissatisfied with her lot, who has always looked up with gratitude to God for the many comforts she enjoys in preference to her poorer neighbours, little thinking any body could ever look upon her as an object of compassion; "who (as I have often heard her say) never wanted a warm dinner or comfortable clothing, and had always a trifle to spare to a friend in distress, and to whom God had given a heart willing to spare it." No wonder, then, my dear children, that poor Margery was sur-

surprised at the lady's contemptuous manner of speaking; and had she been of a different disposition, and some years younger, it might have made her unhappy and discontented all the rest of her life.

"Mamma," said Susan, "I am sure I have done wrong, but I am very sorry for it; what you have been saying makes me see my fault, though I have never thought of it before. I have often told little Mary Barnet, that I wondered how she could eat such very brown bread, that her frock was very coarse, and that if she lived with us she should have better.

better. I am very sorry I ever said so to her, and will never do it again. I hope I have not made her discontented."

I told her, I hoped not, and desired she would remember her determination, and reflect upon the bad consequences such conversation might have upon a girl of her age, though she is very happy at present, and neither wishes for luxuries which are beyond her reach, nor envies those who are in possession of them.

Having many letters to write, and the weather during the rest of the week

week being very unfavourable for walking, my young people were obliged to amuse themselves as they could, as it was not in my power to be constantly with them.

THE BLACK BOOK.

OBSERVATIONS IN THE FIRST WEEK.

I HAD flattered myself, that having so lately conversed with my dear Susan on the subject of her great and almost only fault, she would have endeavoured to spare me the mortification of having any thing to write, at least in the first pages of this uncomfortable looking book, and to herself that of hearing it read; but sorry I am to be under the disagreeable necessity of observing, that, according to her usual custom,

her head has been so completely filled with her cousin's arrival, that every thing else has been entirely obliterated; and that if *I* had not been anxious to prevent the evils, her want of thought and negligence might have occasioned; I tremble when I think on the regret and sorrow she would have brought upon herself, and which she might, perhaps, have had too much cause never to have forgotten.

You cannot but recollect, Susan, that Hannah Greenwood's little girl was last week dangerously ill, that she is miserably poor, and in want of almost common necessaries; that you had

had willingly, and with the greatest appearance of satisfaction, (indeed, I am certain you felt it at the time) undertaken to carry her every day a little basket, filled with such things as she most stood in need of during her illness! but how shall I add, that since your cousin has been with us, you have never once been near her, and she will be recalled to your memory only by this public, and, I think, mortifying reproof; truth obliges me also to add, that if I had not been more attentive to her wants than you have been, the poor miserable child might have languished for weeks to come in the wretched state in which I found her,

though

though she is now, by my care, in a fair way of recovering. What a pity it is, that with the best heart in the world, and feeling, as you do, for the distresses of your fellow-creatures, you should ever suffer your head to mislead you, and that you should allow every novelty which comes in your way to work such a change in you.

With regard to you, Rose, I am very sorry to perceive that I also deceived myself, when I hoped you would have left behind you that disposition to trifling, and dislike of order and arrangement in the distribution of your time, which I have always perceived in

in you; the moment I saw your innumerable boxes, work-bags, and small parcels, I began to fear what I was afterwards soon convinced of, and find, that though you are now twelve years of age, and that it is ridiculous to see you fly from one thing to another (from your work to your books, from books to music, and from that to drawing, all within a quarter of an hour, like a baby with its playthings), you are just as unsettled and whimsical as ever; that you begin twenty things, and end nothing; and that you still continue in your old way, of putting off to another hour what ought to be done in the present one.

I am afraid, my dear girls, you will find these pages very unentertaining; but it depends so much on yourselves to let this be the last in the Black Book, that I cannot possibly pity either of you, if you furnish me with any farther observations."

THE RED BOOK.

JOURNAL TO THE 17th OF MAY, 1800.

ROSE was extremely confused when I read my observations on her conduct, knowing, that, though we were alone at that time, I should probably shew them to Mr. Morton, and that they would hereafter be seen by her uncle; but Susan was much more than confused, she was distressed and unhappy, and, bursting into tears, quitted the room the moment I had finished my reading. I soon after sent

Rose to seek for her, but she was not to be found, and it was above a quarter of an hour before I discovered that she was gone to Hannah Greenwood's cottage, to which place we immediately followed her, and reached it in a very short time, having but one small field between us.

The child had been sleeping in a chair by the fire; and I found Susan begging her, with tears in her eyes, to pardon her negligence—and (opening her basket), "Here, my little Mary," said she, "is a pot of preserved damsons, which Mamma gave me for myself; I will not taste them, or any thing of the kind, till you are quite

quite recovered; and here are two of my nice night-caps; I have brought them to you, because I had quite forgot to make those Mamma cut out for you; but I will make them for myself, I shall not mind their being coarse, they will serve to make me remember how ill I have behaved to you, and to be sorry for it every time I put them on."

Little Mary, who, fortunately, had not suffered in the least by her neglect, could not understand what she was so afflicted about; she was only sorry she had been so long without seeing Miss Susan, and said, if she did not leave off crying, she would

cry

cry also; I was, therefore, obliged to take her away; and, in walking back to the house, the conversation being renewed, my pardon was solicited and freely granted, both to Rose and Susan, on their promise of amendment, or at least of doing every thing they possibly could to correct themselves of the faults I had with justice laid to their charge, and hoping that in a very short time I should have no account to keep against them.

They now determined to divide their time properly, and fix on certain hours for their different occupations; and, having consulted me on the subject, I arranged every thing for them as I saw

saw best, and was very much pleased to see Susan once more return with assiduity to her books, music, &c. and to the proper discharge of several little engagements she had taken upon herself to fulfil, and which, I wished to convince her, were become so many duties, which it was strictly incumbent on her to attend to.

I give to my niece all due praise, for endeavouring to fix her attention on what she was employed about on Wednesday morning, and for resisting a strong inclination, which I perceived her struggling with, to leave a very pretty little head she was copying, with one eye, till the next day, that she

she might begin to spot the caul of a cap for Mary. She finished the head, and it was so much admired some days afterwards, that I hope it will incite her to more steadiness; for, I believe, it is the first thing she ever did finish since she was born.

Towards the end of the week, I received a letter from a lady, who, on her way from Cornwall to London, fixed on the following day for dining with me, if I would give her an early dinner, and permit her to continue her journey soon after it. She is a very particular friend, and I rejoiced at the prospect of our meeting; but my hope of being able to persuade her to stay

all

all night with us vanished, on finding her accompanied by another lady and her daughter (a child of eleven years of age); and I soon perceived, by my friend's manner, that, in order to lessen her travelling expences, she had encumbered herself with two companions, every way disagreeable to her. Rose and Susan were extremely surprised, when they heard the lady scream out to her servant, and reprimand him severely, for neglecting to hold the parasol over Miss's head, when she stepped out of the post-chaise; and ask, "if he had a mind his young lady should be burnt as black as a crow?" and they were still more surprised, when Susan (who thought it would be civil

to

to welcome, and conduct her into the house), going to take her by the hand for that purpose, and saying, she was glad to see her, was prevented by her Mamma's exclaiming, "My dear young lady, I intreat you not to stop her; let her get into the parlour as fast as possible; your house stands so exposed, that what with the sun, and what with the wind, the child will be quite destroyed."

I must confess, that I was not less astonished at these extraordinary precautions than my two girls, and concluded the poor thing must be in a dying state; but how were we all struck, when her Mamma had unpacked

packed her from two or three great coats, and had taken off a large bonnet which was tied under her chin with a double silk handkerchief, at beholding, instead of the delicate puny child we expected to see, a stout clumsy girl, whose skin was as coarse as a milk-maid's, and whose hands were as red and chapped, as if she had been rubbing the grates and washing the floors.

I had no enjoyment of my friend's company; for we were teased the whole time she staid, by the lady and her daughter, or rather by the *lady*, for Miss would have liked a scamper in the garden, in defiance of sun and wind

wind, if Mamma would have suffered her to expose so much delicacy to the rude elements; but she was not allowed to move from the parlour, not even to go into the hall, with Susan and her cousin, lest she should play and overheat herself; and she muttered complaints against my friend, because she had objected to having *all* the windows of the chaise drawn up; and she was sure the dear little creature had caught cold in one of her eyes, which appeared extremely inflamed, she said, though nobody saw it except herself.

Poor Rose, who thought it incumbent on her to attempt something for the amusement of the young stranger, brought

brought in her skipping-rope; but the lady wondered how she could propose any thing so fatiguing, to a *little creature so extremely delicate.* At table it was still worse; every body was to be attentive to her wants, and to be teased and tormented with a detail of what she was to eat, and what she must not touch; what the physician had said would agree with her, and what would be her death, if she was allowed to eat it; while she, poor thing, only waited for her mother's permission to make a hearty dinner on any dish at table, even on that very vulgar and indelicate thing, a sirloin of beef.

My

My poor girls were all astonishment; they had never met with any thing so strange; but I was extremely pleased to observe, that, though it was impossible for them not to be struck with the ridiculous whims of the lady; and that they had all the difficulty in the world to refrain from laughing, when they looked at the bouncing object of her tender care; they neither laughed, whispered, or made signs to each other of any kind, but behaved with the utmost decorum.

Coffee was served immediately after dinner, and, very soon after it, we were released from the restraint we had been under for upwards of three hours. I

was

was not sorry to see my friend depart; for her visit had given me no kind of pleasure, and I thought I could not give her a stronger proof of my friendship, and wishes for her comfort, than by desiring she might be speedily set down at her own house, and be quit of her troublesome *compagnons de voyage*.

We were talking of our guests the next morning after breakfast, when Mary came into the parlour, and told Susan she was wanted in the dairy. Rose begged that she might accompany her cousin, and invited me to be of the party. We found four poor children (Susan's pensioners) waiting at the gate, with their pitchers in their hands, for

for some milk: their little ruddy faces were close to the bars, and each had a hand ready, at the first word of command, to open the gate, and advance towards the dairy. Their pitchers were soon filled, and they departed; but not till the girls had made two or three *dips*, by way of courtesy, with a "thankee, Miss Susan," and the boys their best bows, by a nod of the head, and a scrape with one leg so violent, that they raised the dust in a cloud about them. Observing one of the little girls lingering behind the others, I asked her if she wanted any thing.

"To speak to Miss Susan, if I pleased," she said; "she had got a present

present for her, which she was sure she would like ; her brother Tom had been at Exmouth, and had picked up some *beautiful things* by the sea side, and she had brought them to Miss, because Miss was always so good to her, and spoke to her so good-naturedly, and because she loved her ;" and taking out of her pocket a paper full of very common shells, she gave them to Susan, who received the humble present as graciously, and with the appearance of as much pleasure and satisfaction, as if it had been the greatest rarity, and of the utmost value.

THE BLACK BOOK.

OBSERVATIONS IN THE SECOND WEEK.

I RECOMMEND to Rose, to endeavour to recollect herself, before she does any thing likely to disconcert or disappoint those who are kind enough to take the trouble of seeking to oblige her; and to remember, that when a person wishes to please, however they may err in the method they take to do so, we ought to be grateful for their kind intention, and hide from them, if possible, that their attempt was ill-judged or useless. The poor

girl, who presented Susan with her little hoard of shells, thought them extremely beautiful: and, had they really been so, and equally valuable, would have made exactly the same use of them. I was vexed, to see the poor thing so confused by your loud laugh; and should have been glad, if I could have said any thing, to prevent her thinking that your mirth was occasioned by the meanness of her present; but she was gone in an instant, and, I am very much afraid, mortified and disappointed.

THE RED BOOK.

JOURNAL TO THE 23d OF MAY.

I HAD waited above half an hour, with the tea-table before me, when Susan and her cousin entered the parlour, very warm and out of breath; and I was just going to inquire, why they had hurried themselves so much, when Rose threw her arms round my neck, begging me to pardon the fault she had unthinkingly committed; and assuring me, she had not the least intention to mortify poor little Ellen; but that she could not help laughing, when she saw the

the *fine* present she had brought to Susan; and particularly, because she appeared to think so much of it. She said, they had been two hours endeavouring to think of some way of at least mending (since they could not recal) what she had done; and that she hoped they had so far succeeded, that all idea of having been laughed at was quite effaced from her mind; that she had been to desire Ellen, to ask her brother Tom, the first time he happens to go to Exmouth, if he would be so good as to bring her some of the same shells as those she had given to her cousin; and that Ellen appeared extremely pleased at the demand, and said, "Sure, Miss, I *sartenly* did think

think you was laughing at me, for bringing them to Miss Susan, only mother said it was *unpossible*; for young ladies knew better than to laugh at poor people, when they were doing no harm, but only trying to shew their love; and so, I suppose, it was something else *as* made you laugh; and, since you like the shells so much, Tom shall go on purpose next week, and bring you his pockets full."

Rose was very much pleased at having settled this matter so well; she had been (Susan told me) quite uneasy about it; and that they had both been terribly surprised, when I drew the black book from the drawer, having

ing flattered themselves that it would not have made its appearance this week.

The weather was so settled and fine, that we walked out almost every day, my two children always endeavouring to draw me towards the ferry; and, if they failed in their attempt to make me extend my walk to that distance, I was obliged to name an early day for paying a visit to Dame Margery, that the time of the christening (for which they were very impatient) might be fixed; and that we might know if we were to go to the farm, in young Thomas's boat, as had been projected.

Passing

Passing, one morning, by a cottage, near a lane in which we had been looking for primroses and violets, we were struck with the wretchedness of its appearance, and the marks of poverty and neglect exhibited in every thing which belonged to it. The garden was in the utmost disorder; a very few cabbages, and a great many weeds, and so trodden down (probably by the pigs, as there were two or three at that time in it), that it had much more the look of a piece of waste ground than any thing else.

A pond, near this unflourishing garden (once, no doubt, the delight of all the ducks and geese in the neighbourhood)

hood) was so choaked up with mud and rubbish, that the air was infected with its noisome stench. The windows of the cottage were almost all broken, and some *half-washed* rags were spread to dry on a hedge near the door.

Whilst we were looking at this miserable habitation, a young woman, with a child in her arms, came out of it, and placing the infant in a little wicker chair near the door, sat herself down on a large stone, pulled a ballad out of her pocket, and began to sing, and then read it with great attention. Her appearance and present occupation, joined to the little notice she took of the cries and complainings of her

poor

little dirty sickly-looking baby, readily accounted for all the wretchedness which surrounded us; and I made Rose and Susan observe, that, though the idle creature had a very nice fresh-looking linen gown on, she had suffered one sleeve to be ripped almost away from the body, because, in all probability, she could not prevail upon herself to take the trouble of putting a stitch in it. She had a muslin cap, with half the border torn, and hanging down her back; and her *dirty* apron was pinned round her waist, because she had no tape to tie it. The child cried for some drink, and we were just going towards it, when a very well-looking young man came through a gate from

a field

a field near the house, and catching the poor thing up in his arms, and pressing it to his breast, with an angry, though sorrowful countenance, said, "Oh, Mary! can you see this poor baby die by your negligence and want of care, and yet go to bed with a quiet conscience?" But she did not stay to hear him; for the moment he began to speak, and that she perceived we were observing her, she rose from her seat, and, with her ballad in her hand, went into the cottage. The young man sat down, with his child, on the seat his wife had quitted, took an orange from his pocket, which he peeled and divided, and then gave a piece of it to the unfortunate little crea-

creature, whose mouth appeared parched with thirst; and, turning to us, he said, "Oh, dear ladies! my poor child is very ill; and I am, instead of being a happy and contented man, as I hoped to be, one of the most miserable creatures in the world. That young woman is my wife. I married her, because I loved her, and thought her prudent and industrious; but, God help me! I have been cruelly deceived. Her father and mother are very worthy people, and are worth a good deal of money, and when their daughter married, they gave her a deal of good things, a cow, and poultry, and household furniture, and linen, besides money, to begin the world with; so that,

with

with what she brought me, and what I had of my own, we might have lived very comfortably, and were looked upon by our neighbours as people in easy circumstances. Ah! Madam! this was a very different place at that time, there was not so pretty a cottage in many miles around; the front of it was covered with honey-suckles and jessamine; but my wife grew so lazy, that when she had been boiling beans and bacon, or greens, for dinner, she would throw the hot water upon their roots, to save herself the trouble of going half a dozen steps farther, and so they soon died. My garden was full of good vegetables, and we had the finest poultry in the whole neighbourhood; but all

all is gone, even my cloaths, and I have scarcely enough left to appear decently on Sundays. But what breaks my heart is, to see my poor child so neglected; it is impossible it should be well, for it is never clean, and has nothing given it to eat, but what is unwholesome, and improper for such an infant. I should not so much mind myself, though she never provides any thing for me, nor do I ever (though I work hard) enjoy the comfort of a warm dinner; but when I have been working a whole long morning in the fields, in the busy time of the year, if I step home to eat a mouthful, I am glad to swallow a bit of bread and cheese, and return to my labour. She

is

is so bad-tempered too, that she must not be spoken to; and my poor mother, who took care of my house before I was married, was soon obliged to leave us. Oh! it was a sad change for me! I wish I had never seen her!"

We were very much affected at the poor young man's account of his misfortunes. Rose whispered me, to advise him to turn his wife out of doors, plant more honey-suckles, and put his garden in order; but, above all things, to get another cow, that his child might have some milk; and Susan asked me, if we had not better take the poor thing home with us; but though

though I could not well comply with either of their requests, I felt myself so much interested in the young man's favour, and so desirous of saving the life of his child, that I determined to ask him a few questions, relative to his intentions concerning the unworthy woman, who was the cause of his misfortunes, and to offer him what assistance I had in my power to give him.

I found, that her father and mother, who are extremely irritated by her conduct, finding that all their admonitions were to no purpose, had at length determined to take her home, and oblige her, whether she liked or

disliked it, to earn her daily bread by her labour, or go without it; and that *his* mother was to return to his cottage, and endeavour, by care and proper nourishment, to save the life of his little boy, and, by order and good management, to restore to his habitation its former decent appearance: but he said, "his cow was sold, his poultry all dead, his bed and other furniture destroyed, every thing torn and broken to pieces, and he had neither money nor credit to replace them. I would pass over, in silence, the answer I made to this information, but that I should lose the opportunity of taking notice of, and doing justice to, the proofs my two good girls gave of their

their feeling and humanity. I was delighted to perceive the pleasure which sparkled in their eyes, when I told Allen, that I would assist him with money to purchase what was necessary to his comfort, and that he should repay it me when he was able; that the moment his wife was gone, and his mother had taken her place, if he would come over to my house, I would give him some clean linen, and other things for his child, which would, I hoped, soon restore it to health; and that I should, before long, see him comfortable and happy; and, when I afterwards remarked to them, that the poor man's little property had

been suffered to go so entirely to ruin, that it would require much more than I could spare to settle him as completely and comfortably as he was when he married, they both desired they might add all their pocket-money to what I intended lending him; and that the sum I had allotted, to treat them with a ride to visit M—, and its environs, might be expended in something useful, as a present to Allen.

I would not stay to hear the thanks and unaffected expressions of gratitude he was beginning to pour forth, but hurried away with my children as fast as

as I could; and before we reached home, Susan had settled a whole wardrobe for the little boy, which was to be made out of her old frocks and petticoats; and Rose had, in five minutes, formed at least half a dozen projects, by which she hoped to add to the comfort and conveniency of both father and son.

I had many fears on Susan's account the whole of the following day; a new employment! and that so interesting! I trembled for her, and could I do otherwise, when I saw her, several times, on the point of neglecting different things which she had settled to be

be done on that day? But I was relieved from my anxiety, when Rose observing, that our walk to Allen's cottage, and the melancholy history he had given us of his unfortunate marriage, would read very well in the Red Book. She started from her seat, put her work in the basket, and said, "If I sit here, and forget myself, I am afraid it will be *my* turn this week to entertain Mr. Morton, if he should call upon us with the Black One; and added, that she was afraid he was ill, for we had never been so long without seeing him. I was glad I had it in my power to make her easy on that head, knowing our excellent and worthy

thy friend to be absent from home; and told her, she might soon expect him here to pass his judgment upon us.

THE BLACK BOOK.

THIRD WEEK.

THE RED BOOK.

JOURNAL TO THE 30th OF MAY.

IT was a subject of great joy to all parties, when, having gone through my journal of the preceding week, I replaced my book in the drawer, which I locked, and put the key into my pocket.

"Is that all? What, no black story?" exclaimed Rose and Susan.

"Nothing more, my dear children," said I, "and I wish I may never have any

any thing to record of either of you, but what may be thought worthy of a place in the book in which I have been reading."

Our dinner was remarkably cheerful, though we were alone, and Monday is a day of some anxiety; but the moment was passed, and had left no sting, and Rose and her cousin were all gaiety and sprightliness; every thing on the table was so good, that the cook had certainly exerted herself; the soup was such as she had never made before; the chicken delightful; and Peggy had never made such fritters in her whole life: so true it is, that when we are pleased with ourselves, it goes very far

far towards making us pleased with every thing about us.

We talked of Allen, and his little boy; of the frequent walks we should have to his cottage; and, of the pleasure it would give us, to see his child recovering his health and strength, and the house and garden wearing a better appearance. The afternoon was passed in assisting Susan in the work she had undertaken for little George, and the table was filled with scraps of muslin, flannel, and dimity.

I had engaged myself to dine the following day with Sir Thomas and Lady Melford. Rose and Susan were

were also invited, and the hour was fixed upon for the coach to come for us. Nothing could be more delightful than our drive to Melford Hall; it could only be equalled by the hospitality and friendship with which we were received by the worthy old knight and his lady. Our pleasure, however, was not without alloy; Rose was not with us: she was at home alone, regretting, too late, what she might easily have avoided, and repining at her folly. *Why* she was not with us, must be made known in another place.

We found a large company with Lady Melford, in the drawing-room; her married daughter, her husband, and

and two children, a boy of twelve years of age, and a girl of eleven, both extremely ill-bred and troublesome, interrupting every body to ask impertinent questions, and making so much noise, that nobody could be heard but themselves. There were several gentlemen and ladies, who were entire strangers to me; and, amongst the rest, a French gentleman, with his wife and daughter, who were come into the neighbourhood to spend the summer: they were sitting by Lady Melford, who speaks French (of which she is extremely fond) as fluently as she does her native language; but the young lady, a very sweet-looking girl, of about thirteen or fourteen years of age,

age, was left, at the other end of the room, to the mercy of the two boisterous creatures, I have already mentioned; who, having sufficiently tired the rest of the company, were, I soon perceived, determined to try if they could not revenge themselves upon her, for the little attention they had been able to gain from others. Their first amusement was, to pretend they did not understand her, though I knew (having just heard Lady Melford say so to Madame de St. Claire) that they both spoke and understood French as well as they did English. I could not hear all which passed between them, though I caught a word or two now and then, and heard Mademoiselle de St.

St. Claire desire them not to distress themselves on her account, but to leave her, and return to the company; Master and Miss Hertford shrugged their shoulders, and shook their heads; and all at once Miss Hertford, as if she had just found out her meaning, jumped round her chair, and, in an instant, untied a coral necklace which she wore about her neck, and let it fall to the ground. Poor Mademoiselle de St. Claire was quite confused; and I heard the two rude things telling her, they thought she had said her necklace was too tight, and begged one of them to untie it. Their next frolick was, to pretend they thought she complained of being hungry, and to fetch an enor-

enormous piece of bread and cheese, and throw into her lap; and then to call a gentleman to her, saying, she wanted to speak to him. I could really bear this no longer: the poor thing coloured like scarlet, and appeared so distressed, that, as nobody else seemed to perceive her situation, I determined to rescue her from their clutches; and accordingly went up to her, brought her to the other part of the room, and seated her between myself and Susan, and we were not long in entering into a very agreeable conversation. Susan exerted herself as much as she could, to second my intention of making Mademoiselle de St. Claire recover herself, and forget the

imper-

impertinence of the two little Hertfords, and did her best to make herself understood by her; and I was very much pleased she did so, instead of sitting, as I have seen some young persons do, an hour or two by the side of a foreigner, without opening their lips; or else declaring, with a foolish downcast look, that "they could not speak French," though they were conscious, that nothing prevented them but the false pride of not chusing to risk a few mistakes in a language, which nobody would expect them to speak with perfect correctness; and surely a few blunders, or an ill-turned expression, would be much sooner overlooked, than

that silent reserve which (as they all are persuaded we learn their language, and must know enough of it to be able to answer a simple question) they misconstrue into pride and stateliness.

Master and Miss Hertford followed Mademoiselle de St. Clair, as soon as they thought I had ceased to observe them; and I heard them say, "they would try to tease the *French girl* a bit more;" and accordingly, getting behind her chair, they began to pull her hair, pin her gown fast to Susan's, and fifty other foolish and vulgar tricks, for which they richly deserved punishment, and which I determined, by some

some means or other, to put a stop to; and was very much provoked that they were not seen by some person, who had authority enough over them, to put an end to their follies. I was meditating on a project to make them noticed by their grandmamma, who sat opposite to us, and who was so deeply engaged with Monsr. and Madame de St. Claire, that she saw nothing which passed, when Mr. Hertford, coming up to us, said, in a very severe and angry tone, "Charles Hertford, and you, Miss Sophy, I have, for some time, been observing your behaviour, and shall leave you to judge, whether or not I ought to be pleased with it: we are going down to dinner, and in politeness to

Monsr. and Madame de St. Claire, the conversation at table will be mostly in French; but it appears (though you were once perfectly conversant in that language) that you are now entirely ignorant of it, and therefore it would be very unentertaining to you to be with us. I therefore advise you to go and dine in your nursery, and there amuse yourselves with your toys, and with playing tricks with each other, you have exhibited *here* quite long enough.

John, take Master and Miss Hertford to their maid, and tell her, we shall dispense with their company till to-morrow."

Master

Master and Miss began to whimper, and to mutter something about pardon, and Mamma seemed inclined to plead for them, but Mr. Hertford was not a man (I saw it with pleasure on this occasion) to be easily brought to change his orders, for without paying the smallest attention to Mrs. Hertford or them, he sternly said, "Go directly;" and they left the room, much to the satisfaction of Mademoiselle de St. Claire, Susan, and myself.

Sir Thomas was a very old friend of my father's, and has known me from a child; Susan is his very great favourite; and, as he left the dining parlour almost immediately after the ladies withdrew,

he

he invited her, with her new acquaintance, to walk with him into the garden. Madame de St. Claire asked me if I would join the party, and I was very glad of the opportunity it gave me of conversing with her.

Sir Thomas told me, he had made acquaintance with this family three or four years ago at Montpelier, and had, through them, received the greatest marks of attention from several families of distinction in its neighbourhood, that there were very few people in the world for whom he felt a more sincere esteem than for Monsr. and Madame de St. Claire; and, putting her hand into mine, obligingly added, that he could

could not give either of us a greater proof of his friendship, than by desiring to make us known to each other, being well assured it could not fail to add very much to the happiness of both.

Madame de St. Claire appeared equally desirous with myself to fulfil the good old knight's wishes, and I have promised to call upon her in a few days. I was extremely pleased to find, that the little habitation, they have hired for a few months, is no more than a mile and a half from the cottage, and Susan flattered herself with spending many agreeable hours in the company of Mademoiselle de St. Claire; but I must do her the justice to say,

that

that this agreeable visit to Melford Hall did not make her forget poor Rose, of whom she spoke to me several times when she had an opportunity; and when we got into the coach to return, finding two pots of beautiful geraniums, which Sir Thomas had ordered to be put there for her to take home, because she had been particularly struck with their beauty, when she saw them in the green house; she appeared more satisfied at the opportunity it would give her of presenting one of them to her cousin, in the hope it might be some consolation to her, than in having them to decorate her window.

The

The day after our visit, whilst we were speaking of Allen, and wondering we had not seen him, Mary came into the parlour, to tell me that a young countryman desired to speak to me; and ordering that he might be shewn in, we were soon made acquainted, by Allen himself, with the cause of his delay. He told us, that his wife's father came to fetch her the day after we saw him; that he was sorry, when the time came, to see her taken from him, but she went away without speaking a single word to him, or even kissing her child; and was so indifferent, and so very unconcerned, that he thought it would be quite foolish

foolish to grieve after such an unfeeling creature. He locked his door, he said, as soon as she was gone, and, with little George in his arms, walked to his mother, who lived in the next village; but he found her so unwell, that she had not been able to come to him till that day; so that he had been obliged to stay at home, and nurse his child.

We gave him what linen we had prepared for little George, and with a small parcel of nourishing things, which I always keep in the house, I slipped into his hand the money I had promised him, and said he might expect to see us in the following week.

THE BLACK BOOK.

OBSERVATIONS IN THE FOURTH WEEK.

THE consequence of the little attention Miss Wilmot paid to my remonstrances, and of her usual disposition to trifling, followed the fault so immediately, that it scarcely needs being pointed out to her; but the engagement I have entered into, and the strict probity and love of order, of which I make profession, obliges me to fulfil my painful task.

The

The morning of the day, on which I had engaged to dine with my worthy friends at Melford Hall, I informed my young people that the coach would be sent for us at an early hour, Lady Melford having some other friends, she wished to oblige in the same way, and, that knowing her wish, made me desirous of being ready the moment it arrived, as I would not, on any account, keep it waiting. Susan prepared to dress herself, and put up a little drawing which she had promised to her good old friend; but, I was sorry to see Rose begin the day in her usual loitering manner—just going to step round the garden with Cora, to give the poor thing a little air—then, only

one

one moment, to try if Farren cotton would make a pretty *a la Grec* on cambric muslin ; then discovering an excellent place for the canary bird, and running up and down stairs, to find something to measure the height, that she might ascertain whether it would not be more out of the reach of Tibby ; and finally wishing, before she began to dress herself, that she might step over to Ellen's, to inquire if her brother had been at Exmouth, and if he had brought the shells for her.

It was in vain that I represented to her the folly of delaying to get ready, that what she was doing, and still wished to do, might just as well be deferred

ferred to another time, and assured her that the instant the coach came, I should set off, without waiting for any one. I might have been peremptory, and have *ordered* her, in positive terms, to go up stairs and prepare immediately for our visit, but I determined to advise only, and let her suffer the consequences of not attending to my counsel.

Off she went like an arrow from a bow, but (as I afterwards learned) meeting at Ellen's with a number of sea weeds, and other curiosities of the same kind, she forgot to return with equal speed, and only came up to the gate, in her morning dress, just as Susan and myself were stepping into the coach.

I need

I need not make any comments on the subject, it will be easily supposed, how vexed and mortified she appeared when she saw us driving away without her, and how lonely and dull the hours passed, which she was obliged to spend alone.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

W. S. BETHAM, PRINTER,
FURNIVAL'S INN COURT,
HOLBORN.

THE

RED BOOK,

AND

THE BLACK ONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

SUMMER RAMBLES.

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HOLBORN.

THE

RED BOOK

AND

THE BLACK ONE.

THE RED BOOK.

JOURNAL TO THE 7TH OF JUNE.

OUR breakfast was enlivened, on Monday, by the company of Mr. Morton, who inhabits a very plain, and what might, by many, be called a mean looking house, at the distance of two miles from the cottage.

When Susan exclaimed, "Here comes my dear old friend, Mr. Morton," Rose expressed some astonishment; and, to say the truth, his dress (if we were to estimate his worth by his appearance) did not entitle him to so warm a reception, for he wore a very rusty old hat, a brown coat and waistcoat made in the plainest manner, and a pair of shoes, as thick and clumsy, as those of the meanest labourer. He stopped to speak to Richard, who was wheeling something out of the garden, and I had an opportunity of telling Rose, that, notwithstanding his appearance was that of a man in low circumstances, he was, on the contrary, extremely rich, that he is very indiffe-

rent

rent about every thing which concerns himself, and spends his whole time and his large income, in comforting and assisting his friends and neighbours, and that his life is a continued scene of charitable and benevolent actions. I repeated to her several, which had come within my own knowledge, but told her also, how much he dislikes they should be taken notice of; that he is very fond of walking, and never goes into a carriage, or on horseback, but makes his rounds with a large stick in his hand, and in his *dancing shoes* (as he calls them) from one village to another, assisting with money and good advice, all who stand in need of either; that he had taken a poor woman to look after his house and his dairy, without

recollecting that she was quite a cripple, and could not move from her seat, and then he sent for another, who had lost the use of one of her arms, to receive her directions, and see that things were properly done by a strong healthy girl, who having lost her parents, would, but through his goodness, have been thrown upon the world without a friend.

Rose said, he must certainly be a good man, but she supposed he was very grave, like all such good people, who looked so serious, that she was always afraid to speak or laugh before them.

I assured her, that Mr. Morton was good without ostentation, that he was the

the most cheerful, good-tempered man in the world, and would not only let her laugh, but would laugh with her; that he was particularly fond of the company of children and young people, and had his head full of little stories for the former, and anecdotes for the latter, equally entertaining and instructive, and might really be called *l'ami des enfans*.

Rose was just inquiring of me, if he might not, perhaps, be M. Berquin, himself; when he joined us, and, after a How do you do? to me, and a kind nod to Susan, said, looking with much seeming wonder at Rose, "Hey day! who have we here! what's your name

name, pray? and where do you come from?"

I was afraid she would have been a little disconcerted by these blunt interrogatories, but she very good-humouredly answered him in his own style:—

"My name, Sir, is Rose Wilmot; I came from London, and am very glad to see you, because my aunt says you are good and charitable, and I hope you will go with us to the christening."

"And you are a very pretty girl," said Mr. Morton, "and, I dare say, a very *good one*."

"I am

"I am afraid not," answered Rose, "but I will endeavour to be so in time, and I beg my aunt will have the goodness to read the Journal, whilst you are with us, and also the Black Book, in which I am very sure *my* name will appear this week, and then you will, I hope, tell me what I shall do, that it may never get there again."

Mr. Morton desired we would explain what was meant by the Journal and the Black Book, which Susan did in a very few words; and, after hearing both read, he took her in one hand, and Rose in the other, and led them into the garden, where he gave them such advice as I hope they will never forget,

forget, and which, if they strictly follow, they must feel the benefit of as long as they live.

He told us, he had given his promise that he would be godfather to Margery's little grand child, and that he would go with us to the farm, for he had no objection to a boat, though he had to a horse or a *cart* (for so he calls all wheel carriages); that the time was fixed for the following week, and every thing being settled relative to the manner of our going, he took his leave, saying, he had many visits to make before dinner, and wished to be at home early.

The

The morning was so fine, that I proposed to my two children to walk as far as the village where Monsr. and Madame de St. Claire reside; for I had given my word, that many days should not pass, before I would do my self the pleasure of calling upon them.

They appeared extremely glad to see us, and Mademoiselle de St. Claire said, she should never forget my kindness, in delivering her out of the hands of the two little savages at Melford Hall; she was very much pleased at seeing Susan, but her surprize at perceiving Rose (who had been a moment behind us, looking for Cora) is not to be expressed, and could only be equalled by

by mine and Susan's, on finding they were no strangers to each other. It was a quarter of an hour, before they could find time to tell me, that Monsr. St. Claire, and his family, had lodged in London, very near my sister's house, where they had, by the carelessness of a servant, narrowly escaped being burnt in their beds, that my sister had received them with the utmost kindness, and that Madame de St. Claire had been a fortnight confined to her bed, by a dangerous fever, at her house, occasioned by the fright, and a violent cold she had caught in escaping from the flames; she spoke in the warmest terms of the hospitality and attention shewn her during her illness, of which she said she should ever retain

tain a grateful remembrance, and had left London with the utmost regret, not having received any account of Mrs. Wilmot, since her departure for Lisbon, or any letter from Rose, who was, as she was informed by her, to go into the country, although she knew not to what place, and who had promised to write to her as soon as she arrived at the end of her journey.

Rose endeavoured to excuse herself, by saying she had waited to hear from her Mamma, and her friends were so happy at meeting her thus accidentally, that her neglect was readily forgiven.

We

We had often mentioned the agreeable French family we had met at Melford Hall, but had never named them; and Rose had frequently recounted to us the history of the terrible fire, and had spoken of her dear Albertine, and her father and mother, but never mentioned the name of St. Claire, so that our surprize, at seeing them fly into each others arms, may easily be believed.

Our visit was not shortened by this agreeable and unexpected meeting, and we came home later than I intended, after having engaged Rose's amiable friends to dine with us the following day, and to come to us as early as possible

possible, that we might enjoy the pleasure of their company the longer, which they readily complied with, and we spent a very agreeable day, parted with mutual regret, and promised to pass as much of our time together as we conveniently could.

Madame de St. Claire having consented to a request I made, that Albertine might be allowed to spend a week with us at the cottage, I proposed to them to go with us to the christening, if they thought they could find any amusement in such simple scenes, and with such plain people, as they would meet with on that occasion.

A few

A few days after this, Rose and Susan expressed great anxiety to know something of Allen, and to see poor little George in clean linen, and with his face and hands washed ; they wished also, to know who Dame Allen was like, whether she was tall or short, fat or thin, and whether she walked with a little crutched stick like Margery ; and, in order to satisfy them on these important matters, as well as to let them enjoy a very beautiful morning, we sat out for his cottage very soon after breakfast.

I thought, as we drew near to it, that every thing already begun to look more comfortable than when we first saw

saw it, and it was not the effect of fancy, for, approaching still nearer, I perceived many alterations which had already taken place. Allen had a labourer assisting him to put the garden in order; the hedges were made up, and the ground already laid out in beds. The pond was cleared, the cottage whitewashed, and the windows mended, poultry were feeding before the door, and two fine large cows were grazing in the field.

Allen came towards us the moment he saw us, and told me, "that my kindness to him, had quite changed his bad fortune into good, and that the young Ladies had rendered him a service

vice of such consequence, that he could never thank them sufficiently, if he was to live to the age of an hundred, and that he would teach his child to pray for them, as soon as he could make him understand his meaning."

Rose and Susan looked at each other, and then at me, who, they perceived to be somewhat surprized at Allen's conversation ; whilst he continued to acquaint me, that these *dear*, *good young Ladies*, as he called them, had been so kind as to mention him to Mr. Morton, in such favourable terms, that he had come to him immediately from our house, had inquired into the particulars of his story, and had given him his word

word, that he would not let him remain long in so deplorable a condition ; that he had, the next morning, sent over one of his own people to help him, and had made him a present of a cow, and a sack of wheat.

I was not at all surprised at this account of Mr. Morton, because I knew him to be continually doing acts of kindness to one or another; and my two children were delighted, at having been the means of procuring for Allen so good a friend, as the kind and benevolent Mr. Morton.

On going into the cottage, we found Dame Allen preparing a warm dinner

for her son; and the little boy was sleeping very soundly on a neat clean bed, which stood in one corner of the room. I thought it hardly possible, that his health should have been so much mended in so short a time, but cleanliness, and a sufficiency of wholesome food (both of which the poor thing had long wanted) had wrought a wonderful change in his appearance. Dame Allen was neither tall nor short, neither fat or thin; and, though she had a walking-stick, it was not crutched, nor did she always make use of it; she was, therefore, not like any thing, in her outward appearance, which Rose and Susan supposed she might be; though, when they imagined she must

must be a good woman, and deeply interested in the welfare of her son and grandson, they undoubtedly were not mistaken.

I asked Allen, if he had heard of his wife since her departure. He shook his head, and said, he had not heard *any good* of her, and he greatly feared he never should, and that he must endeavour to forget that such a person was in being. I advised him to make himself easy, and think of nothing but his child, and getting his affairs once more into comfortable order.

Susan was very sorry that George was asleep: she wanted to have him

awake, and to make him speak to her. Her first wish was soon accomplished, for she stroked his cheek, and played with his hands, till she made him open his eyes; but she was disappointed in her desire of conversation with him, for he called his father, as loud as he could, to take her away from his *pretty new bed*, and put his hands before his eyes, that he might not see her. She determined, however, to coax him into a little more familiarity, and to bring something in her pocket on her next visit, which would be likely to produce that effect.

We were not a little pleased, on observing Allen at church on Sunday morn-

morning, dressed in an entire new suit of clothes; and that his countenance, no longer clouded by disappointment and vexation, was cheerful and happy, and we returned to our dinner, rejoicing at the idea of having, in great measure, been the means of working so great a change in his situation, and in that disposition towards all our fellow-creatures, which is, I flatter myself, natural to us, but in which we felt ourselves particularly confirmed at that time, by having heard an excellent discourse on the subject from our worthy curate.

THE BLACK BOOK.

FIFTH WEEK.

THE RED BOOK.

JOURNAL TO THE 14th OF JUNE.

WEDNESDAY being fixed for the christening of Margery's little grandson, Monday and Tuesday were scarcely sufficient for the preparations thought necessary by Rose and Susan, although, I confess, I saw nothing we had to do, which might not have been accomplished in any one hour of the eight-and-forty, to which they complained of being limited. The little presents were soon collected, but Susan's whole thoughts

thoughts were employed on finding out something more to carry to Margery's daughter. Rose objected to the manner in which the parcels were made up, and tied and untied them twenty times; now, thinking white paper would look best, then blue, and at length doubtful whether a nice fine napkin, to tie them up altogether, might not be more convenient to carry, and perhaps look better than either; in the mean while, the only thing which really required time, was the making a large plumb cake; and that task was assigned to Peggy.

The imaginations of my young people had been many hours upon the stretch, in the hope of finding something more

to

to do, when it occurred to Susan, that it would be extremely *prudent*, if we were to walk down to the ferry, and recommend strongly to Thomas, not to fail in being ready with his boat at the hour fixed for our departure; to Margery, to be dressed in time, that we might not have to wait for her, and also to desire them particularly to take care to have the man in readiness, who was to attend at the ferry during the absence of old Thomas, so that nothing might happen to prevent our setting off at the time appointed.

From the moment I consented to this proposal, the time was spent in looking at the clock, enquiring when the dinner

ner would be ready, and whether we were to go as soon as we had dined. I told them, I had nothing particular to prevent me, and if *they* were certain they should leave nothing undone, by going at that time, I had no objection to accompany them in a walk to the ferry before dinner, rather than defer what I saw would give them so much pleasure; and, as they both assured me they had nothing more to do, I desired them to get ready immediately, that we might return in time, and not vex Peggy, as we sometimes have done, by extending our morning rambles beyond their usual limits, and spoiling the dinner.

I had

I had just got into the lane, when Susan, who was behind me, coming through the gate with her cousin, suddenly exclaimed, in a tone of self-condemnation, "Oh, Mamma! what was I going to do!"

If I was alarmed at her exclamation, it was but for a moment, for, on turning towards her, and following the direction of her eyes to an angle in the lane, I immediately saw the cause of it, and readily consented to return to the house, and defer our walk to the afternoon. It was poor old Martha hobbling along with infinite difficulty, and whose day it was to have her pitcher filled with milk, and her little basket

basket with broken victuals and bread.

Every thing being settled after dinner, with Thomas and Margery, and Monsr. and Madame de St. Claire, Albertine, and Mr. Morton, being assembled on Wednesday morning at the cottage, we all set forward soon after breakfast, with gaiety depicted in every countenance, and were very soon in sight of the ferry.

Old Thomas was sitting at his door, waiting our arrival, and Margery came out immediately to meet us, so *smart*, that we scarcely knew her; her cap had an old fashioned edging upon it, and a purple sattin ribbon, her gown

was

was of her favourite colour, brown, but it was shot with purple silk, and had been her wedding garment; a muslin handkerchief, as white as snow, with a silk one thrown over, it compleated her finery, and she appeared the picture of content; she had prepared a basket full of nosegays, and presented one to each of us.

The sun shone with uncommon lustre, the river was smooth as glass, and our party was composed of persons every way agreeable to each other. The boat was so nicely clean, that we longed to embark; and, having nothing to detain us, we were on the point of stepping into it, when we were prevented by

the

the cries and screams of a young woman, who, mistaking ours for the common passage-boat, entreated us, for pity's sake, not to go without her. Her cloak was thrown across her arm, and she held her hat in one hand, and in the other, a small parcel tied in an old silk handkerchief, and appeared to be extremely fatigued and over-heated. We told her of her mistake, and that the ferryman was just gone to the other side. She burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Oh, then! I shall never hear the sound of her voice again! She will be dead before I can go to her. Oh! my mother! my mother! what shall I do? We were beginning to ask her several questions, when Mr. Morton prevented

us,

us, by saying, we might perceive, from what she had just said, that she had no time to satisfy our curiosity, or to wait with patience the return of the boat; that Thomas must take her over in ours immediately, and that he would himself see her safe to the other side of the river. In the mean time, he said, we might sit down on the pebbles, and amuse ourselves by contemplating and admiring the beauties of Nature; and that when he returned, he should be able to tell us something more of this interesting young woman. Rose and Susan would not, on any account, have attempted to detain her a single moment, but they were impatient to be on the water; and asked,

why

why we might not all go into the boat, set the young woman on shore, and pursue our course to the farm, as was intended; but Mr. Morton told them, he did not want their company; and as I knew very well, that his motive for going with her was to enquire into the circumstances of her evident distress, and to offer her pecuniary assistance if she stood in need of it, and that he could not bear to have any witnesses of his benevolence, I made them a sign not to urge him to take us with him, which they understood, and readily complied with.

We observed them in deep conversation, soon after the boat was pushed off

off from the shore, and saw the dear good man tie on her hat, and throw her cloak over her shoulders, which, considering how over-heated she was, from having hurried herself to get to the ferry, was a very prudent precaution, though it had not occurred to us; but Mr. Morton never forgets any thing. They were soon on the other side, and we saw him take leave of her with a friendly shake by the hand, she ran up the beach to a gate which opened into a field, turned round, dropped him a courtesy, and was out of sight in an instant. He returned to the boat, and was soon with us; and when we were all seated, I asked him, if the young woman had told him where

she came from, and where her mother lived, on whose account she appeared so much distressed; and I learned from him, that she had lived in service, at the house of a tradesman at E———, and that having received a letter, acquainting her with the dangerous state in which her mother lay, she begged her master and mistress would permit her to go to her immediately, which they positively refused, as well as to pay her the trifle which was due to her; that she could not bear the thought of her mother's dying without seeing her, and, perhaps, for the want of necessaries; she had therefore sold her clothes, and left her place, and was now on her way

way to the next village (about three miles on the other side of the river) dreading she might be too late, yet willing to hope, she should be in time to see her mother, and by her care and assistance to save her life.

"I am sure," said young Thomas, interrupting Mr. Morton, "her mother will not die this time for want of necessaries, however; the *shiners* I saw your honour slip into the young woman's hand, will, if I am not mistaken, buy her enough; there were pretty many on 'em, for I heard 'em chink,"

"Hold your tongue, you block-head," said Mr. Morton, "mind your oar, and do not run us aground on that sand-bank; if you do, we may stay there till next tide, and so we shall make our christening dinner on Mrs. Arnold's plumb cake."

Thus he changed the conversation, and, always gay and good-humoured, amused us so well, that we were close to the shore under the farm, before we thought we were half way.

The farmer and his wife came out to meet us, and we were conducted into the best room, where we found a Mr. and Mrs. Bently, their daugh-

ter

ter, and two sons. Mr. Bently lives at a small distance from them, and they had been earnestly requested to honour the christening by their presence, because the farmer said, he liked to have *suitable company*. I had once dined with this family at Sir Thomas Melford's, but it was on my first coming to reside at the cottage, and I had never seen them from that time; I, consequently, little expected the extravagant joy exhibited by Miss Bently, on her meeting once more her *dear friend* (as she was pleased to stile her), Miss Susan Arnold. Poor Susan was quite astonished at the violence of her expressions, for she scarcely recollected ever having seen her before,

fore, and was very much disconcerted at being seized upon by both hands, and forcibly dragged into the garden, in order (as she afterwards told me) to be desired to recount all that had happened to her since their last *happy* meeting, and to hear the remarkable occurrences of six months abode at a new school, where Miss Bently had been to *finish* her education. She desired Susan would tell her all her secrets; and assured her, she never would repeat them to any living creature; so that, if ever her Mamma should hear of any thing she wished to hide from her, she might be certain *she* had not been the person to betray her, for she had five or six most

most intimate friends at her last school, who had told her every thing they knew; but she had never repeated a word, nor ever would, except to her dear Susan; and then went on to tell her, *in confidence*, of a young lady, who had by some means got possession of two or three letters belonging to her mother, which she had brought to school, and shewn to her, and to several others of her particular *friends*; of another, who had contrived to steal a number of tarts and other things, which had been made for some company their governess expected in the evening; and, that she might not be suspected of having taken them, had put some of them under the housemaid's

maid's bed, who she had been cruel enough to suffer to lose her place on the occasion. She repeated several exploits equally to the discredit of her companions, and of her own judgment in the choice of friends, and which gave Susan no ambition to be placed among the number; but Miss Bently thought all she said was *vastly funny*, and determined to have no reserve with regard to Susan; but, as they should not have time in the course of the day for a mutual communication of secrets, she proposed, that they should enter into a strict correspondence, saying, " she could, without any difficulty, send her letters down to old Thomas at the ferry, and some-

sometimes twice a day, so that she could write from seven to ten, and even fourteen notes or letters every week."

When I asked Susan, what answer she had given to all this strange stuff, she said,

"Why, my dear Mamma, what could I say to her! In the first place, I did not know I had *so dear a friend* in the world, for I scarcely recollect her; in the second place, I have no secrets to tell her; and in the third place, I cannot imagine what she means by proposing to write me so many letters, or what she intends

to

to write of; and I am sure I cannot answer them, for I do not think I could find subjects for *one*, much less to fill fourteen."

Rose was much surprised at her cousin's flight, and was explaining to Mademoiselle de St. Claire the extraordinary and sudden fit of friendship which had seized on Miss Bently, when we were summoned to attend the little boy to church, where he received Mr. Morton's christian name of William; and, very soon after our return, we were told the dinner was ready.

Susan

Susan endeavoured to escape from the clutches of her new friend, but she stuck close to her, and the only way I had to soften her situation (for the restraint in which Miss Bently kept her was evident in her countenance) was to make them both sit near me at table, hoping I should be some check on her incessant tongue; but I was disappointed; her first observation to Susan was, that I had done a very good thing in taking her away from her Mamma, who was some times so *queer*, that she would not let her talk. The next thing was, to ridicule every effort the good people made to convince us, that we were (according to their own simple manner

of

of expressing themselves) *heartily welcome*, and how much they were obliged by our condescension. The loaded table, the two turkies, two large gooseberry pies, and an enormous bowl of gooseberry fool, did not escape her notice; and she asked Susan, if she was not surprised that the people knew no better than to give them such an aukward dinner.

Here I thought proper to join in the conversation, and told Miss Bently, that Susan was not at all surprised, because she did not expect, in dining at a farm-house, to meet with elegance and refinement, but honest simplicity and sincerity of heart, which is a thousand

sand times more valuable. "And so, pray Miss," called Mr. Morton, across the table, "do not pretend to be so *mincing*, but eat your gooseberry fool; I dare say you are as well pleased at the size of the bowl as any other school girl or boy would be within twenty miles round us." Miss Bently blushed, and muttered something of having left school above three weeks; and then, in a low voice, asked Susan, if she did not hate that rude, *gruff* old man. But here she was again unfortunate, for Susan thinks so highly of Mr. Morton, and loves him so sincerely, that she answered her question with more sharpness and severity than I had ever heard her use on any occasion;

sion; and I concluded it would have struck a mortal blow at the slender root of this sudden friendship, for Miss Bently turned from her apparently displeased, and determined to make a friend (without which, she declared several times in the course of the day, she could not live) of Mademoiselle de St. Claire; but she was punished for her infidelity, for she spoke French so extremely ill (though she fancied herself a complete mistress of the language), that she could not make herself understood, and not only her offers of friendship were entirely lost, but she exposed her ignorance to every one present, after having boasted of being able to speak French as well

as

as she did English. To Rose, she dared not make any advances; who, having been struck with her rhapsodies from the first moment, and having watched her ever since, had a sarcastical smile upon her countenance, a sort of arch look, which told Miss Bently she would be more likely to make a jest of her proffered friendship than to accept it; finding, therefore, nobody so likely as Susan to sit with patient good-nature, and let her talk as much as she would, she returned to her, declaring she could not be happy a moment from her, and that there was not another person in the room so truly well-bred and polite, or

who

who she thought worth conversing with.

In the evening, when we were told the boat was ready, the pain of separation, the violent grief in bidding adieu, was so well put on, that it was quite laughable; Susan, notwithstanding the good breeding and true politeness attributed to her, had great difficulty to hide the joy she felt at the near prospect of escape from her tiresome friend, who she could scarcely forgive, for having destroyed all the pleasure she expected to enjoy at the christening, so long looked forward to with impatience and delight; her disappointment

appointment was, however, very soon forgotten; for, once more seated in the boat, she thought no longer of Miss Bently, or the restraint she had made her suffer.

Nothing can be imagined more delightful than our return from the farm; it was a charming still evening, and the moon was just rising. Madame de St. Claire, who has a fine voice, sung several songs with equal taste and judgment, and Mr. Morton and the girls were all mirth and gaiety. Old Thomas and Margery spoke with delight of the beauty of their little grandson, but ended their conversation in a gentle dispute about which

of the family he bore most resemblance to.

We were in sight of the ferry-house much sooner than any of us desired; and Susan said, it was the first time she had ever been sorry to see it. We parted with our friends at that place, it being nearer for them to go from thence to their home than taking the cottage in their way, and we found Robert at the ferry ready to attend us.

THE BLACK BOOK.

OBSERVATIONS IN THE SIXTH WEEK.

THOUGH no bad consequences have arisen from Susan's relapse into her former forgetfulness (which I vainly flattered myself she had determined to get the better of), yet, as she can take no merit to herself, from poor old Martha's escape from hunger, and a long fatiguing walk, without the recompence and comfort she expected to meet at

the end of it. I am under the disagreeable necessity of taking notice of her having once more suffered herself to be led away from her duty, in a manner which, on reflection, her heart must, I am certain, severely condemn.

Had I not been detained five or six minutes in giving some directions to Mary, we should have passed through the lane before Martha got into it, and consequently should not have seen her; and the poor old creature, who can scarcely hobble so far as from her house to ours, would have returned with her pitcher and basket both empty.

I cannot

I cannot, without pain, figure to myself the extreme disappointment she would have felt; I even fancy, that I see her place her empty pitcher in a corner of her little room, hang up the basket behind the door, and throw herself into her old elbow-chair, overcome by fatigue, and without one single morsel to refresh or comfort her, for having depended on Susan for her usual supply on that day; she would not have thought of providing for it by any other means. I think I behold her two grand children asking why Miss Susan would not send them any milk, and what they could have done to make her angry with them; and

and I fancy I hear old Martha telling them, that Miss Susan is not angry with them, but has undertaken an office which she does not give herself the trouble to perform.

Perhaps, *I also* may incur some degree of blame by leaving a poor old woman, and two helpless children, to the mercy of a negligent girl, who has so little steadiness, that for the most trifling thing, in which she finds amusement, they are left to suffer hunger and fatigue, and her promised kindness to them never recollected.

From

From this day, therefore, Susan must either resign all the employments she has undertaken, or positively determine not to suffer any thing whatever to interfere with or prevent her punctual performance of them. I do not mean, that on such days as she has any particular duty to fulfil, relative to her poor neighbours, she is to refuse all engagements, to deny herself the pleasure of a walk, or a visit to a friend; but I expect that they are *never* to be forgotten, but that, before she goes from home, she shall leave such directions with the servants, as may fully enable them to supply her place, so that no one may suffer the smallest

smallest inconvenience by her absence.

I have, at different times, said so much on this subject, and have been so often answered with promises and excuses, that I must insist on hearing no more.

I desire Susan to consider the subject well, to recollect that it is no childish affair, but a very serious business; and if she thinks she has not steadiness enough, or does not chuse to take the trouble of making herself capable of executing the trust I have reposed in her, I beg that to-morrow morn-

morning, at breakfast, the three keys I entrusted to her care may be delivered up to me, till I can fix on a person more fit to take charge of them.

THE

THE RED BOOK.

JOURNAL TO THE 21st OF JUNE.

HOWEVER mortified Susan might be at having filled so many pages in the Black Book, and at hearing it read in the presence of Mr. Morton, who happened to be with us, she appeared much more shocked at the disappointment (not to give it a worse name) which her negligence might have occasioned to poor old Martha and her grand-children. I had desired not to hear a word on the subject; her grief was

was, therefore, silent, and immediately after breakfast she invited Mr. Morton to go with her into the garden. Soon after his departure, she retired to her chamber, and I saw very little of her, except at dinner and at tea, the rest of the day, but when I did see her, she was extremely thoughtful, and was, I hoped, taking herself severely to task.

Rose could not be gay whilst she saw a cloud on the brow of her cousin; nor could I, although I should have been extremely sorry if I had seen her conduct herself in a different manner on so serious an occasion, be cheerful

cheerful and happy, whilst I knew how much she was suffering; the day, therefore, passed heavily away, and we retired to rest at an early hour.

I found Rose in the breakfast-room the next morning, busily employed in arranging some flower-pots which stood on a table near the window, putting her music books together, and her drawings into her port-folio. She told me, that both she and her cousin were quite tired of the Black Book, and were determined to observe themselves so well in future, that they hoped it never again would be brought out of the drawer, unless to reckon the number

ber of weeks elapsed since it had made its appearance.

I was expressing my satisfaction at the resolution they had made, when Susan entered the room, with a smiling, though timid countenance, and her three keys, tied with a very smart blue ribbon, dangling at her side. I asked, if she wished me to look upon this new decoration as an answer to my charge against her.

"You may, my dear Mamma," said she, kissing my hands and my cheeks a dozen times, "and I hope you will have the goodness to try me once more, and not make me suffer the dis-

grace

grace of having my keys taken from me. I have reflected so seriously upon the faults in my disposition, and the bad consequences they may occasion, if not speedily corrected, that I really think nothing can now possibly happen capable of making me forget myself.

In consequence of this determination, my consent was granted, that Susan should continue in office, and her keys were accordingly taken from her side, and deposited in their usual place, all disagreeable subjects were dropped, *never*, we hope, to be revived, and cheerfulness and good-humour

mour again took up their abode at the cottage.

We had an early visit from Mr. Morton, who complimented us all three upon the air of content which, he said, reigned among us, and with an expressive look at Susan, said,

"I am very glad to see you happier than when I left you yesterday; and now, Mrs. Arnold, it is time to tell you, that I am come to fetch you to dine with me, my gentlewomen (the name he gives his maid-servants) are preparing some salt beef and hard dumplings for your dinner, but as the

Misses

Misses may, perhaps, be too delicate to eat such homely fare, we had better, I think, leave them at home."

"Indeed, Mr. Morton," said Rose, "the *Misses* beg leave not to be excluded; I dare say, we shall contrive to dine very well upon the *homely fare* you have provided for my aunt."

"Very well," replied Mr. Morton, "then, since you are determined to venture, pray get yourselves ready as soon as possible."

We were preparing to set out, when young Thomas, from the ferry, brought Susan five letters, of different sizes and

forms; and said, they had all been brought that very morning by Mr. Bently's stable boy, who told him, that they came from his young mistress, and that the first was written the day after she went to the *gossipping* at Farmer Jackson's."

"How happens it then," inquired Susan, "that I have five letters at one time?"

"Why, Miss," answered Thomas, "he said, that when she had the scribbling fit on her, he knew better than to be *fagging* with her letters every day; he always kept them in his pocket till he had eight or ten, and then

then carried them all together; and that he should not have been in such haste now, but would have waited till he had a few more, only he was sent on an errand nearly opposite to the ferry, and so he thought he might as well, for once, do as he was ordered."

Susan desired I would open all the letters, and that they might get round the table (nobody being present but our good friend, on whose discretion we could rely), and hear me read them, according to their dates. The first I opened happened to be the first written, and was as follows:

LETTER I.

JUNE 10, THURSDAY MORNING.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I HOPE you got home safe; I hope your Mamma and your cousin Rose are well; I hope you will not shew my letter, becaus I dont like your cousen, she stared at me so much. I am very unhapy that I shant see you today. I dont know what to do without you; I hope we shall meet soon. I shall plage Mamma to go and see you. I am always so tired when I am at home; I hate home; nothing amuses me. I can't bear the books she gives

me

me to read; what do I care for the History of England? and I dont like her books, I'm sure they ant pretty, for I dont understand them.

I long to see you, my dearest friend; I have ten thousen things to tell you. I am, my dear freend, your affecshonate and sincere freind,

OLIVIA BENTLY.

P. S.—Is not mine a sweet name?

LETTER

LETTER II.

JUNE 10, THURSDAY EVENING.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I HAVE been asking Mamma to invite you all to come and dine with us, but she says it would be improper: she must first wait upon Mrs. Arnold. What nonsense! she never follows my advice. I think your *Mamselle Sent Clear* is a prettyish girl enuf, but I could not make her understand me; I suppose she has been educated in the country; indeed, I didn't

didn't think she spoke her own language very well. I saw old Gruff Morton ready to laugh at her, because she could not make out my meaning, poor thing! but he laughs at every body. Oh! how I do long to see you again, my dearest friend! how was it possabel, that I should be six months at school, without ever thinking of you; I did not know how much I loved you, *ma cher ami*,

Je suis votre,

OLIVIA B—.

LETTER

LETTER III.

JUNE 11, FRIDAY MORNING.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I AM beginning to be very uneasy about my dearest friend; I can't think why I don't hear from you in all this time. Pray send your letters to the furryman. *Je suis ben ais* to have met you at the crisning, and to have renewed our old friendship. I hope you have not forgot the happy day we met at Melford Hall. *Adieu, ma cher*, I am your affectionate friend,

OLIVIA.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

JUNE 12, SATURDAY.

DEAREST SUSAN,

I AM so uneasy at your long silence, that if I have not a letter from you this morning, I am determed to make Papa send a man and horse back, to know what is the cause of your not writting to me. I am obliged to write this by stealth, for Mamma dont chuse I should be always *scribbling*, as she calls it; and wood you believe it, *ma tendre ami*, she says, when she is cross with me, that I do not know how to spell,

spell, and that I only expose myself; now I leave you to judge, if that is not ill-nature, and if its likely I should have been so long at skool, and not know how to spell; and she lafs at my friendship for you, and says its only a wim, and will only last till I meet with somebody else; and that she does not approve of so much letter writing and affectation of regard for people I scarcely know. Did you ever hear such stuff, my dearest friend! But never mind, I can always write without her knowing it; and if your Mamma makes any *fuss*, I will tell you how to manage it. Adieu, my dearest friend. I am, my dear, your sincere and affekshonate humble servant,

OLIVIA BENTLY.

P. S.—Pray send an answer immediately by return of post, I mean, by the furryman; I want an answear to all my questions; I like to consult my dearest friend; yours, for ever and ever.

LETTER

LETTER V.

JUNE 12, SATURDAY EVENING.

DEAR MISS ARNOLD,

I would have sent the horse to inquire for you, only for one thing; Papa did not chuse it. I have not much time for writing just now, for we have some compeny come to spend a month with us; a lady, from Salsberry, and her daughter, a charmin girl; so must conclude, yours in haste,

O—— B——.

When

When we had finished reading Miss Bently's elegant letters, Mr. Morton observed, that it was a great pity she should be allowed a pen and ink, unless, under the direction of some person capable of teaching her to use it with more credit; that he had always looked upon her as a foolish conceited girl, but that he had now a much worse opinion of her, from the very disrespectful manner in which she had spoken and written of her mother; and concluded by saying:

"My little Susan must not correspond with young ladies who acknowledge they write by stealth, or, at any rate, with one by whom she is

so

so little likely to gain improvement either in writing or conversation."

Susan assured him, she had no inclination to accept the honor she had done her, in placing her among the number of her dear friends; that, on the contrary, she could hardly forgive her, for teasing her as she had done, on the day of the christening, when she was longing to be with Rose and Albertine, instead of being stuck up in a corner, to hear all her nonsense about playing tricks with some of her school-fellows, and giving cakes and tarts to others to write her copies for her, and translate her French lessons. "But," continued Susan, "I could not get away from her; she got

got her chair so close to me, that I was quite in prison; and when I did not attend, as she wished, to what she was saying, (which frequently happened, for I was contriving all the time how to make my escape) she drew her chair almost before me, called me her dearest, dear friend, and said, she would not let any body have a word of my sweet conversation but herself."

We were a second time prevented, when on the point of setting out, by the arrival of Sir Thomas and Lady Melford; and, as Mr. Morton likes to dine early, he said, when he saw them coming, he would take leave

of

of us, and go home; that he would expect us the next day; and desired we would leave home before the *visiting hour*, that he might not a second time be disappointed of the pleasure he expected in having us with him.

Sir Thomas (who is always delighted when he can procure the smallest pleasure and amusement to young people) told us, he was come on purpose to announce to Susan and Rose a grand fishing party, which was to take place in a week or ten days; that he had invited several young folks, as well as their fathers and mothers, and that he should expect

pect to see us all dressed in smiles and dimples; adding, that if after the trouble he proposed taking to amuse the *young* ladies in particular, they were not to appear gay and happy, he should feel himself quite mortified."

The good old knight was soon convinced that his intended kindness would not be thrown away upon any part of *my* family, for I assured him that a party on the water, and particularly in his, and Lady Melford's company, could not fail to give me a very great pleasure; and Rose and Susan, by their exclamations of "dear Sir Thomas," "dear Lady Melford.

how very charming it will be! I wish the time was come," shewed him, without disguise, they were delighted at the very idea of the pleasure such an excursion would procure them.

Nothing was talked of, after Sir Thomas and Lady Melford's departure, but the charming fishing party; one sung the most lively airs, the other skipped round the room, and their joyful countenances gave me the utmost satisfaction, till it received a trifling check, by my casting my eyes, particularly on Susan, and reflecting that the consequence of her present pleasure, might be the mortification of being deprived of her keys,

keys, as well as that of being looked upon as a person in whom it would be impossible to place any confidence, and a certainty of incurring her father's serious displeasure. She instantly perceived, and understood the cause, of my change of countenance, but assured me, I need not be under any concern on her account; for, delighted as she was with the prospect of so charming a thing as a party upon the water, neither that, or even a much greater pleasure, should ever again make her fall into an error, which had at different times, brought so much mortification and regret upon her. That the *last* affair was still fresh in her memory, and likely to

remain so, having written a long account of it, in the harshest and most unfavourable terms she could possibly think of, and having carried it from that time in her pocket, and constantly read it every day; that she was determined to continue to do so, till she was convinced she no longer required such a monitor, and requested that I would tell her, when I perceived she might be trusted to herself; assuring me, that the day on which I should give her leave to throw it into the fire, would be the happiest day of her life.

The next morning, wishing to spend as much of our time as possible with Mr.

Mr. Morton, and, fearing we might be again prevented, it was determined that we should leave home at an early hour, which we accordingly did, and had a very pleasant walk across the fields, and through a charming wood, gathering flowers and strawberries in the hedges; the former to make nose-gays, but the latter to put into the baskets of two pretty little girls who were going to endeavour to sell those they had gathered at the great house upon the hill. I asked the youngest, if she had not an inclination to eat them herself.

"No,"

"No," replied she, with great simplicity, "for mother is ill, and wants the money."

"And if the housekeeper will not buy them," added the eldest girl, "we must take them home to her, mayhap she may fancy them herself."

We gave great praise to both of them, and Rose and Susan put each a sixpence into their baskets, saying, it was a pity their poor mother should entirely depend upon the sale of their strawberries.

We found Mr. Morton surrounded by half a dozen little boys and girls, who

who were smiling in his face, whilst he filled their baskets with potatoes, he desired we would go and pay a visit to his old housekeeper whilst he finished his work, and we found her knitting in her easy chair, cheerful and happy, though quite a cripple; but, she said she could not, without ingratitude to God, be otherwise than happy and contented; that she could not move from her seat, was very certain, but she wanted for nothing on earth, and was waited upon like a great lady. The other servants, who had each some particular reason to bless the day on which they had first been noticed by their kind and benevolent master, were also loud in their

their praise of him, and in thanks to providence; but he very soon joined us, and, desiring I would not pry into the secrets of his family, took us into his usual sitting rōom, that we might rest ourselves after our walk, and eat a bit of the cold dumpling, which he told the girls, as they could not dine with him the day before, he had ordered to be put by for them.

Rose said, his cold dumpling was was extremely like a very nice seed-cake, but he called her a little Londoner, and told her, she did not know how to distinguish one from the other.

We

We walked with him over his house and gardens; the former contained nothing, but what was absolutely necessary and useful, but in which every comfort of life was to be found; and the latter, so extensive and so stocked with vegetables, that knowing his kindness to his poor neighbours, I could not doubt but that he meant they should share them with him. When I asked him if this was not the case, he said,

"Why, you know those poor people have no time for gardening, nor have they always ground sufficient to supply their families, whilst I have ground to spare, and a gardener, who has

has nothing else to do; and I like to see the little urchins come with their baskets; believe me, it is doing a much greater kindness to a poor industrious person, when what you have to bestow upon them is ready for use. Remember, my dear good girls, when you have a bundle of old clothes to give away to a poor woman for her children, if you would take the trouble to contrive them for her, and make them into little petticoats, caps, and frocks, it would be doing yourselves a very essential service, and doubly obliging the poor woman, who must otherwise steal the time, necessary for doing it, from the employment by which she earns the bread

she

she eats, and with which she is to feed her children."

We followed him from the garden into the fields, and from thence to the top of a cliff which overlooks the sea; and it was not without some difficulty we were persuaded to quit it, so much were we delighted by the novelty of the scene; but Mr. Morton threatening to leave us, and to go home and dine alone, we were obliged to obey. Coming into a narrow lane not far from the house, we were alarmed by the cries of a child, and almost immediately perceived a little girl, of about eleven years of age, beating a boy,

boy, who she had pushed into the hedge with a large stick, whilst he, unable to get away from her, was calling for help to a maid-servant (I am sorry to observe, that they were not common children), who, with an infant in her arms, stood at some distance, and appeared to be afraid of going any nearer. Mr. Morton sprung forward, and snatching the stick from her, said,

"Oh, *Captain* Williamson, is it you? I thought you had promised me that you would never be in a passion again, or fight any more with your brothers and sisters.—Pray look here, Mrs. Arnold, is not this very like the beha-

viour

viour of a young lady! Did you ever see such a little fury? Indeed, I never had seen a child in so violent a rage, and was so astonished, that I could not open my lips. Mr. Morton still held her by both her arms, whilst she (her face inflamed with anger, and endeavouring, by every effort she could make, to disengage herself from him) attempted to bite, pinch, and scratch him; and, when she found she could not gain her point by that means, kicked his legs so violently, that I really expected he would have been obliged to let her go. Being, however, at length quite tired of the struggle, she burst into tears, and promised Mr. Morton, that if he would not

not tell her Papa what she had done, she would walk quietly home. The poor maid, who now came forward, declared, it was the last time she ever would come out with her; that she threw herself into such dreadful passions, that she really was afraid of her, and was sure she would one day or other do some mischief which she would have to repent of as long as she lived. Mr. Morton told me, after we parted from them, that Mr. Williamson is his near neighbour, and that he often calls upon him in his morning walks; that this girl, besides the violence of her temper, is so extremely rude and boisterous, so unlike a young lady in every respect, that

that he has given her the name of *Captain*, on which account she cannot bear to see him, and always hides herself when he goes to the house; that she had been dismissed from two or three schools for fighting the ladies, and no governess has been found who would stay above one month in the house with her, so that what they will do with her is not a very easy matter to be settled.

We found the cloth laid, and dinner ready; Mr. Morton regaled us with every thing good, and in season, to please his two favourites, and excellent fruit was not forgotten. We spent the afternoon so pleasantly,

and

and found so much entertainment in the conversation of our worthy friend, that we were sorry when the declining sun, and the long shadows of the labourers, returning from the fields, reminded us that it was time to leave him.

THE

THE BLACK BOOK.

SEVENTH WEEK.

THE RED BOOK

JOURNAL TO THE 28th OF JUNE.

THE beginning of the week brought us letters from Lisbon, with good accounts of my sister's health, and giving us hopes of her speedy return to England. Rose was delighted at the near prospect of again embracing her mamma, and began immediately to consult with Susan on the properest method to get information relative to a house in the neighbourhood, and requesting me in the most earnest manner to write immediately to dif-

ferent people, from whom she imagined I might gain intelligence. She readily, however acknowledged herself a little too precipitate, and smiled at her own want of reflection, when I asked her, if it would not be as prudent to be first certain whether her mamma might find it convenient, or chuse, to quit London and settle in the country, Admiring the beauty of my sister's hand, and her known talent for letter writing, brought us to speak of Miss Bently, and consequently to wonder, (considering the manner in which she had begun the correspondence) that no more letters or notes had been sent up from the ferry. We were soon put out of doubt, as to

the

the cause of her silence, by a visit from a lady, who is an intimate friend of Mrs. Bently's, but who appeared to have very little taste for the company or conversation of her daughter; for speaking of that family." "I spent, said she, "a tiresome day with them very lately, for, in addition to the dislike I always have to be there, when Miss Bently is at home, she has now with her a tall aukward girl from Salisbury, in whose features and manner, spite and ill-nature are so exactly expressed, that it is not possible to mistake her character: she never opened her lips, but to contradict, or moved from her seat, but to disoblige; yet for this disagreeable creature does

Miss

Miss Bently pretend to feel the sincerest attachment, and to be miserable when she is an instant deprived of her company, "It was impossible" continued Mrs. Bartlet, "to forbear laughing, to see her hanging about the sulky thing, and calling her, *dear friend* and *chere amie*, whilst she was pushing her away with her elbow, and telling her not to *lounge* upon her so, and saying she would tear her cloaths; then politely adding, with a deep drawn sigh, she wished she was once more, in sight of Salisbury steeple, "But, my dear Miss Arnold," added Mrs. Bartlet, "I find you are no favourite of Miss Bently's, she says you have no conversation at all, and she was so

tired

tired of you at a christening, where you spent the day together, and where she could not get rid of you, do what she would, that she hopes she shall never meet you again." Susan smiled, Rose laughed aloud, and not being able to bear that her cousin should be so spoken of, repeated to Mrs. Bartlet all that has been said of Miss Bently's tiresome friendship, Susan's *ungrateful return*, (as she jestingly termed it,) and all that followed. Mrs. Bartlet did not appear to be much surprised, having known the young lady some time, and took leave of us, saying to Susan, she hoped, and had, indeed, no doubt but that her merit would ensure her the

real

real friendship of those, whose respectability and steadiness would do her honour.

Madame de St. Claire having promised Albertine to us for a few days, we were making some little arrangements for her reception, when a letter from her to Rose, put a stop to our proceedings for that time, the reason she gave for not being able to come to us, so soon as she hoped, does her so much honour, and shews so much goodness of heart, that I think I cannot do better than insert her letter in my journal, as a contrast to some others mentioned in my last.

MY DEAR ROSE*,

IT is a very great disappointment to me, after having waited with so much impatience for this day, to be obliged, instead of going to you, to acquaint you, that it will be out of my power to leave home, at least for some days, perhaps *many*, for no one can tell how long I may be detained. I beg you will make my excuses to your aunt, and tell

* The above letter from Mademoiselle de St. Claire to Miss Wilmot was written in French, but I have given a translation of it, for the benefit of those of my young readers who may not be conversant in that language.

her

her how much I regret, my not being able to avail myself of her kind invitation; but I am sure when she knows my reason, she will not blame me. You, my dear Rose, are no stranger to our faithful, and worthy Fanchon, nor to the regard we all have for her; she is very ill, and nothing could prevail upon me (not even the pleasure of seeing you, my dear Rose,) to leave her a single day till she is better. How ungrateful would it be in me to act otherwise, for did she not watch over me in many dangerous lingering disorders, to which, during my infancy, I was extremely subject; did she not refuse large sums of money offered to her by

by her relations, to induce her to leave my mother, and remain in France, and has she not submitted to be our, almost, only attendant, though unaccustomed to any kind of fatiguing work, and, always cheerful and contented, never shewed the least anxiety, but on my mother's account or mine. I am sure that Mrs. Arnold and your cousin, as well as yourself, would form but an indifferent opinion of my heart, if I was capable of leaving my mother in such a dilemma, and our dear faithful Fanchon in a sick bed, without any body to comfort and watch over her. My mother cannot be constantly with her, nor would I wish she should fatigue herself

herself by so doing, I can attend on Fanchon and assist the rest of the family a little besides. I hope she will soon be better and that I shall be able to fulfil my engagement to you, which will give the greatest pleasure to, my dear Rose

Your affectionate

Albertine de St. CLAIRE.

P. S.—I beg leave to present my compliments to your aunt and my love to your cousin, to whom I send, herewith, the patterns which I promised to bring with me.

The

The contents, of this letter was a severe diappointment, for Madelle de St. Claire had, by the sweetness of her disposition, and her mild and gentle manner, gained the esteem and affection of all my family, and we had looked forward to the time of her coming, with equal pleasure and impatience. The character Rose gave us of the faithful Fanchon, of her attatchment to Madame de St. Claire, and Albertine, and of the interest she took in every thing which concerned them, gave her so much merit in my eyes, that I felt great anxiety on her account, and could not be satisfied without sending Robert, every day, to inquire for her; and we were all ex-

extremely happy to hear, on the Thursday following, that she was considerably better: it was therefore settled that if she continued mending, her young mistress should come to us, either Sunday or Monday, that Monsieur and Madame de St. Claire, who are invited by Sir Thomas Melford, to honour the fishing party on the Friday following, should join their daughter at my house. Thursday was a day of great pleasure, the morning brought us very favourable accounts of Fanchon, twelve o' clock letters from Mr. Arnold mentioning his speedy return, and in the evening we were agreeably surprised by meeting with

with a person we did not expect to see.

Our walk to the cliff beyond Mr. Morton's house and the charming view of the sea, which he had not given us half time enough to contemplate and admire, determined us to indulge ourselves once more in a peep, (as Rose said,) at the white sails, and the waves dashing against the rocks beneath us: we had, however only just crossed a stile into a narrow lane, which leads to the hill, when we overtook a clean tidy woman, walking very slowly, with a stick in one hand, and a small basket in the other; she was extremely pale

and

and emaciated, and appeared to have some difficulty to carry her basket, small as it was. Rose who is never at a loss for conversation, and I may add, always ready to do a good-natured action, asked her if she was ill; how far she had to go; and if she would give her leave to carry her little basket for her?

"God bless you, my dear young lady," said the good woman, "it is not for the great weight of it, for there is nothing in it, but a little rice, and some tea and sugar, which Squire Morton has been giving me, but I am so weak, that I can hardly support my own weight; my daughter told me

me how it would be, and would have persuaded me to let her go; but it is such a step, that I thought it was a pity to take her from her work."

Rose took the basket, and we shortened our pace, that we might not leave her alone; and, after two or three turnings, stopped with her at the door of a small neat cottage. She pressed us so earnestly to rest ourselves a moment, that I was afraid it might appear like pride if we refused her, and therefore followed her into a neatly furnished comfortable room; but, before we had time to be seated, how were we all three surprised, at seeing enter from the garden, at an opposite

door, the young woman, whose distress at the ferry, and anxiety to hasten to her mother, had so much interested us in her favour. She did not recollect either of us, nor was it likely she should; Mr. Morton was the only one of the party whom she had any cause to remember, and *now*, she said, she never could forget him, for she could not cast her eyes on any one object of comfort near her, without recollecting that she owed it to his goodness. I found that he had (as I rightly judged) accompanied her across the ferry, in order to inform himself of the particulars of her distress; that she had acquainted him that her sister, who had always been an idle

idle, illdisposed girl, had run away from her mother, taking with her every thing she could conveniently carry, and had left her ill in bed, without any kind of assistance, or a sixpence to provide her with common necessaries; that one of their neighbours had been kind enough to let her know it, but she had had so much difficulty to get away from her place, that she was in the greatest dread, when we saw her at the ferry, of arriving too late to save her mother's life. She farther informed me, that Mr. Morton had given her money to purchase every thing needful for her, and to procure the attendance of a neighbour-

ing apothecary; that he had sent a servant, a few days after, to inquire after her mother, and to say that, as soon as she was better and able to remove, they should quit the miserable place she lived in, and reside in a comfortable little cottage which he was providing for them; that, by the care and attention of the apothecary, and the nourishing things she had been able, through Mr. Morton's bounty, to procure for her, her mother had very soon got better, though she was still extremely weak; and that they had, with joyful hearts, quitted the village, where they had never known any thing but sorrow, or met with any thing but incivility

and

and unkindness, because they happened to be poorer than the other inhabitants; and that they had been five days in their new habitation, which they found furnished just as I saw it, and provided with every necessary. Mr. Morton, the young woman said, had told her she must not think of quitting her mother any more; and, as he understood they both could read very well, work at their needles, and spin and knit, he would establish a little school for them, for the benefit of the children of the village, and as he had always a great deal of needle work, which his people had not time to do, he thought he should be able to keep them pretty well em-

employed. When the young woman had finished her account of the happy change in her situation, we joined with her and her mother in extolling the kindness and benevolence of the worthy, excellent Mr. Morton, and agreed, that to be favoured with his friendship, and particularly distinguished by him, as we may boast we are, was more to our honour, than either wealth or titles, or, indeed, any distinction which fortune could bestow on us. Praise of this good man was a favourite topic of conversation with Rose, Susan, and myself, and we were led away by the subject, till we found it too late to ascend the hill, when we left the cottage! there-

therefore, we crossed the fields, by Rose's desire, that, since we could not pay our respects to the sea, we might have the pleasure of saying good night to the river.

Half an hour of moderate walking brought us into a large field which overlooked the ferry, where we stopped to observe old Thomas, on the other side of the river, taking some people into his boat; but our attention was soon withdrawn from him, to listen to the conversation of two little boys who were leaning on the gate, and contemplating the same object: "Robert," said the youngest, "I wish that river was up by our farm, close

close to the house; how pleasant it would be to stand by the rock and angle for trout! and I would have a little boat and paddle about, dear me! how I should like it!"—"I wonder what signifies wishing for that foolish little river," said Robert; "I would not give my old shoe to have the river up by the farm; wish at once, whilst you are wishing, that you had the wide sea, which we see from the cliff, beyond Squire Morton's; that would be something worth having. I went down upon the beach, close to it, once with my father, to see a fleet of ships; there were thousands and hundreds; and the great waves were tumbling one over the other,

as

as high as the house; aye, or the church steeple, as far as I know, and"—

"Yes," interrupted the young one, "and they would soon tumble over our house, and the barns, and the hay mows, and the pig stye, and every thing else, and you would wish you had been contented with the little river, which at any rate would be better for us, for the water is fresh and the cattle might drink of it; but the sea, old John says, is bitter and salt, and I am sure they would not taste that."

We

We were very much diverted by this little conversation, and commended the prudent moderation of the younger boy: Susan asked me, if it did not remind me of the fable of Hamet and Raschid, in the Rambler; and, as Rose was not acquainted with it, the evening was spent in reading it to her, and in talking over the agreeable circumstances which had happened to us, in the course of the day.

THE

THE BLACK BOOK.

EIGHTH WEEK.

THE RED BOOK.

JOURNAL TO THE 5TH OF JULY.

FANCHON being quite recovered, we had the pleasure of seeing Madelle de St. Claire on Monday morning, who had her mamma's permission to spend the whole week with us. Nothing was talked of but the fishing party, and I was much afraid nothing else would be *thought* of; but my fears were without foundation. Susan continued to follow rigidly the rule she had imposed upon herself, of regulating her time; and each day bringing

bringing its occupations, which she determined nothing should induce her to neglect, she could, without danger, indulge in the pleasing prospect before her. Rose also, though delighted, and longing for the happy day, had fewer *flights* than I expected; and I sincerely complimented them both on the visible change in their conduct.

Ten o'clock Friday morning, brought Monsieur and Madame de St. Claire to the cottage, and very soon after them Mr. Morton made his appearance. The young people thought every minute a tedious hour, till we set forward to meet the party at the ferry. Rose had nothing to do; Su-

san

san had settled all her morning business, had given her keys, with proper directions to Mary, for the rest; even the diffident Albertine, hazarded an observation, on the impropriety of making Sir Thomas and the company wait for us. Mr. Morton insisted, that as Sir Thomas had declared his chief view, in forming the party, had been to amuse the young people, he was determined they should rule, for that day, at least; and as he saw his pretty little trio inclined to wait at the ferry, rather than at the cottage, he knew no reason why they were to sit there looking at each other. Monsieur de St. Claire observed, that we might

as well obey with a good grace, and set off at once; for, the young ladies having got Mr. Morton on their side, we should certainly be obliged to submit, and therefore advised us to get ourselves ready.

We were at the ferry a full hour before the time fixed on for our meeting; part of which was spent in chatting with Margery, and the rest in looking out for our friends, whom, Sir Thomas said, we might expect to see arrive in two boats, besides which, there would be a third for the servants and the gentlemen who chose to fish; and, at the hour appointed, we had the pleasure of seeing the

the little squadron come round the point, gaily ornamented with different flags, and other decorations, and enlivened by the sound of French horns and clarinets.

We were soon conveniently placed in the large boat, in which we found some of our acquaintance, and several strangers! among the former, were Mr. Bently, and his family, and Mrs. Bartlett. Miss Bently sat quite close to her new friend, and appeared so entirely occupied with her, that she had some difficulty to prevail upon herself to withdraw her eyes one moment from her, to honour us with a slight nod, and returned them

immediately to the sweet object of her regard, who received all the marks of affection she bestowed upon her, either in sulky silence, or by some impatient gesture, and shewed how very little she cared for them; and I thought, I could perceive, after some time, that Miss Bently began to cast her eyes about her, for somebody a little more chatty and entertaining, who would be likely to make her, at least, a small return of attention, and not leave to her the whole trouble of keeping up the farce. Mr. Morton, passing his arm behind Albertine, who sat next to me, pulled me by the sleeve, and desired me to observe

observe how Miss Bently and the *Salisbury steeple* were quarreling ; and in the same moment I heard her say, " La ! my dear friend, don't contradict one so ; come, do talk, *mon cher amie* ; shall we talk about our clothes ?" " I don't chuse to talk," replied *la chere amie*, " I like to be silent; I am looking over the side of the boat, how the water runs through my fingers, as we glide along."

" Dear me!" said Miss Bently, "*j'y ennui.*"

Soon after this conversation between the amiable friends, Miss Munden turned quite away from her, and ha-

ving the sun full in her face, held her hand over her eyes, as if incommoded by it, as no doubt she was; though, when Lady Melford kindly and politely offered her a parasol, she refused it, with a blunt "No, I don't want it;" and taking her hand from her eyes, said, she liked extremely to have the sun shine full in her face.

When her mother, with an air of satisfaction, said it was a charming day; she observed, that it was beginning to look cloudy, and she was sure it would rain before night; and when Sir Thomas, speaking of the river, said it was as smooth as a looking-glass, she said we should find it rough

rough enough round the next point, because the wind blew that way: he hoped, he said, that the air would give her an appetite; but she told him she should not taste any thing till she returned, for she never was hungry upon the water. Miss Bently wished herself in the other boat, but her mother insisted on her sitting still, and said, she had already disturbed every body that she might be near Miss Munden, and would not allow her to be farther troublesome. After rowing about three quarters of an hour, Mr. Morton declared he must have something to eat, and that his three children, Albertine, Rose and Susan, were absolutely starving; the second

boat

boat was therefore hailed, and a demand made upon them for a basket, containing cold ham, chicken, &c. and whilst they were looking for it, a young lady, whom I had never seen before, entreated that room might be made for her in our boat, that she might have the satisfaction of being with Lady Melford, and of getting away from the *noisy children*. I confess I was not a little surprised at this demand, for she did not appear to be above fifteen years of age, and was rather under size; her dress however, was nearer five and twenty, though not at all adapted to a fishing party, and in her manner there was so much affectation of being womanly,

that

that I thought I had never seen a little creature half so diverting. She wore a very high feather in her hat, which the wind was continually blowing in the face of the person who sat next to her; her muslin wrapper, (through which was to be seen an elegant watch) was fastened by a pearl buckle; she had coral ear-rings and necklace, a gold chain, with a miniature hanging to it, and her sleeves were drawn up with small gold clasps; when she pulled off her gloves (which she not unfrequently did) her fine bracelets and the number of rings which adorned her tiny fingers, astonished (or I believe she hoped they would) every beholder.

Mr.

Mr. Morton, who knows the whole neighbourhood, changed places with Madelle de St. Claire, to tell me something of her; and informed me that her name was Fenton, and that she would, when of age, (which time is very distant, being but just now fifteen) be mistress of a very large fortune, and he fancied would know pretty well how to spend it, unless her taste for shew and finery was to be a little checked; this, however, was not very likely to happen, he said, for she was looked upon as a prodigy by her whole family, and was the oracle of her mother, who thought, what other people saw in the light of affectation, and stiff formality,

mality, was nothing less than proofs of her extraordinary understanding and good sense, and would repeat, with visible satisfaction, " that Emily had never been like another child; that she never would, even, wear a coral and bells, or play with a doll, and always liked to read in the *largest* book in the house, let it be what it would." " This," continued Mr. Morton, " I know to be true, for I saw her, four years ago, sit an hour or two with a folio volume of Chancellor Bacon's works before her, with which she affected to be extremely entertained, and punished herself by sitting so long still, because she imagined it made her appear womanly, and

and she has never amused herself with books adapted to her age, though, I dare say, she has often longed to do so. Masters, of every kind, have been provided for her; but they could be of no use, unless permitted to teach her by beginning in the usual manner, I mean, at the beginning, instead of the end, as she would have had them; always afraid of appearing childish, or of being thought ignorant of any thing; but the consequence of this disposition, in which she had been ridiculously indulged, is, that she *knows* nothing; yet, she thinks herself perfect mistress of music, drawing, and the French and Italian languages, and that she understands geo-

geography, botany, and natural history in general, as well as any lady in England." Mr. Morton did not get through this little account of Miss Fenton, without having received several hints from Rose and Susan, to return to his seat; and the good old man was so flattered by their partiality, that he did not require much invitation; when I was once more left to my observations, and perceived that Miss Bently had, by some means or other, got next to Miss Fenton, whom she vainly attempted to engage in conversation, but she received her advances with so much coolness, and, in the short answers she made, to her numerous ques-

questions, treated her so much like a child, that she was soon glad to return to her place, and her silent friend. Miss Fenton, in the mean time, was endeavouring as much as possible to draw the attention of Lady Melford, and another lady who sat next to her; but very unfortunately for her, they were too deeply engaged in a long and interesting conversation, to answer any thing she said, more than by a simple "yes," or "no," and at length Lady Melford, tired of being interrupted and teased by her, called out:—

"My dear Mr. Morton, do try to make room for Miss Fenton among your

your young people; the poor thing is stuck up here with us old women, and has nobody to speak to."

This was extremely mortifying to our *young* woman, who earnestly entreated Lady Melford, not to send her away from her, as she had no pleasure in the company of children, and assured her Ladyship, that she was exceedingly entertained where she was.

The three boats now drew near to each other; inquiries were made of the gentlemen in the fishing boat, whether or not they had been successful, and an exchange of *how d'ye do's*,

do's, took place among the rest of the party.

Miss Munden said, she wished Sir Thomas had made a party in carriages to take a view of the sea, from some of the high cliffs, as she liked to drive on a dusty road, much better than being on the water. Miss Bently said, she was tired to death; that it was quite tormenting to sit so long without any body to speak to, and would give the whole world if she could but get into the other boat; and Miss Fenton was observing, that children were always restless, and that it was quite disagreeable to be plagued with them on a party of plea-

pleasure, when an arch-looking boy, in a midshipman's uniform, starting up in one of the other boats, with a loud whistle, by way of prelude, and touching Miss Fenton's elbow with the end of a wet oar, hailed her with, "What cheer, cousin Emmy; why what's the matter? you don't seem to be much better amused where you are, than when you were here; you might just as well have stayed with us boys and girls; if you have a mind to come back, one of the men shall heave you on board our boat."

"Oh dear! pray do not go Miss Fenton," exclaimed Miss Bently, (making

king another effort to procure a *dear friend*, to replace the Salisbury lady,) "I shall be very happy to sit by you, and entertain you, if you will make room for me."

"Indeed, my dear," replied Miss Fenton, "you had much better sit still; I wonder you have not torn your *frock* by moving about so often; my *gown* was almost spoilt, only in getting into the boat; besides, I really cannot imagine what you suppose we could converse about; pray stay where you are by your young friend; I wonder, my dear, you are not afraid of falling into the water."

It

It was impossible to avoid making some remarks on the variety of character exhibited in the three young ladies I have been writing of, and I must confess, that I drew several comparisons in my own mind, not unfavourable to Rose and Susan, who were sitting all this time in silent wonder, as if doubting whether what they heard was jest or earnest. Mr. Morton amused them by a number of whimsical observations, but they were blended with others of a more serious nature, such as will, I trust, prevent their ever falling into the errors to which they had been witnesses, and which they will

treasure up in their memories never to be forgotten.

When Sir Thomas announced to his company, that we should soon arrive at our place of destination, and that the point we saw before us was the Cape of Good Hope, Miss Fenton (who never failed to join in the conversation of the elder part of the company) said, "Dear me! is that the Cape? why, I understood it was near Gibraltar."—"My dear little Emmy," said Mr. Morton, "this is the Cape of Good Hope to the hungry, because we are to dine soon after we get round it; and, as to the Cape you mean, if you will ask

ask that child in the green bonnet, she will tell you that it is the most southern part of Africa, and many degrees distant from Gibraltar."

We did not pay much attention to the foolish figure she cut, for we were just turning the point, and were almost immediately in sight of a beautiful meadow; in which, to our very great surprise and astonishment, we perceived two large tents, and several gentlemen, ladies, and children, coming towards the beach, as if to meet and welcome us. Every one inquired the meaning of it, and Sir Thomas, and Lady Melford, after enjoying our surprise some minutes, confessed, that a particular friend of

theirs,

theirs, having a house near the spot to which we were approaching, they had agreed to surprise us by having a couple of tents pitched, and a dinner prepared under them; that we might have the pleasure of going on shore; and that the young people, after sitting so long still, might be able to skip about the meadow, and that he hoped to see them dance by and by, having ordered a violin to be in waiting.

Miss Fenton said, she liked exceedingly to see *children* dance, and had been very fond of that exercise when she was a school-girl. Miss Bently said she was delighted at the very thought of dancing, for, if she could

could but get a partner, she should be sure of somebody to chat with, and to make a dear friend of, perhaps for the whole *rest* of the day. Miss Munden declared she hated dancing, and detested walking on grass, and that she would remain in the boat; and the young midshipman was very sorry that Sir Thomas had not brought the brass swivels, that he might have saluted the company on their landing.

As soon as we were on shore, Sir Thomas presented us to his friend Mr. Seymour, who, with his lady, and numerous family of fine children, with several of his neighbours, whom he

he had invited to meet us, received us with the utmost politeness. The young people (except Miss Fenton, who stuck close to an old lady who never spoke to her; and Miss Munden, who not having been suffered to remain in the boat, had seated herself alone, under a tree) all rambled away towards a wood at the end of the meadow, dragging Mr. Morton along with them, and were with difficulty brought back, when the dinner was ready; for Mr. Seymour's daughters wished to take them to their father's gardens, not recollecting that they were two miles from the meadow; and Miss Bently had selected one of them, with whom, she declared, she

she could spend her life, in the sweet wood, without ever being the least tired of her company.

After a very elegant cold dinner, and a dance, which pleased equally the lookers on, as well as those who were engaged in it; we were summoned to tea in one of the tents, and very soon after it saw, with much regret, that preparations were making for our re-embarkation.

We returned much in the same order as we went out, having only lost the company of Miss Bently, who, I heard, entreat her mother to permit her to go into the other boat,

and

and not oblige her to sit any longer by that dumb Miss Munden.

Here Mrs. Arnold was under the necessity of finishing her journal; for, the day following the agreeable fishing party, she received a letter from her husband, containing the welcome intelligence of his being on the point of embarking for England, and meaning to follow his letter so closely, that he desired she would set off immediately for London to meet him. It may be imagined she did not delay a single hour to obey this agreeable summons, but, packing up a few necessaries, and accompanied by Rose and Susan, (who had not neglected to direct

the

the servants to take care of her poor pensioners during her absence) threw herself into a post chaise, and was gone before any of her frends, except Mr. Morton, who undertook to see Albertine home, knew her intention, a few days, however, brought letters from her to him, and some others of her acquaintance. Mr. Arnold was safely arrived, and had re-established his affairs entirely to his satisfactior and much beyond his hopes; Mrs. Wilmot was returned from Lisbon, her health greatly improved, but strongly advised by her physician to stay as little in London, as possible, and, to the infinite joy of Rose, as well as Susan, and the whole family,

Mr. Morton was immediately employed to look out for a house for her, in the neighbourhood of the cottage, to which place Mrs Arnold was impatient to return, and where it was determined they were to reside continually. Mr. Arnold particularly requested, that the journal might be continued, not thinking he could safely, untill the remaining pages of the Red Book were completely filled, pronounce whether Rose and Susan, would, or would not, have any farther occasion for the Black one.

FINIS.

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